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THE NEW YORKER

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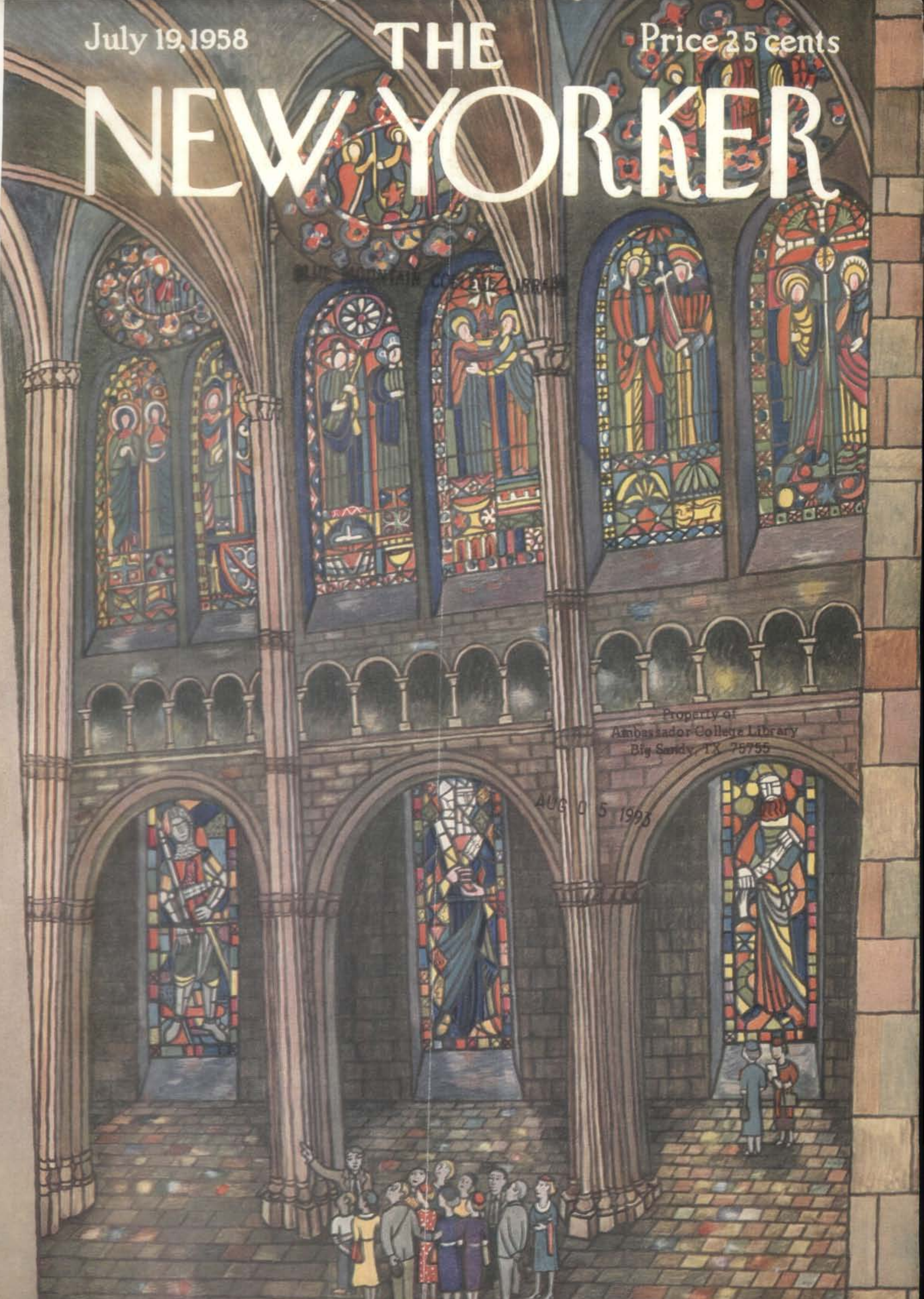

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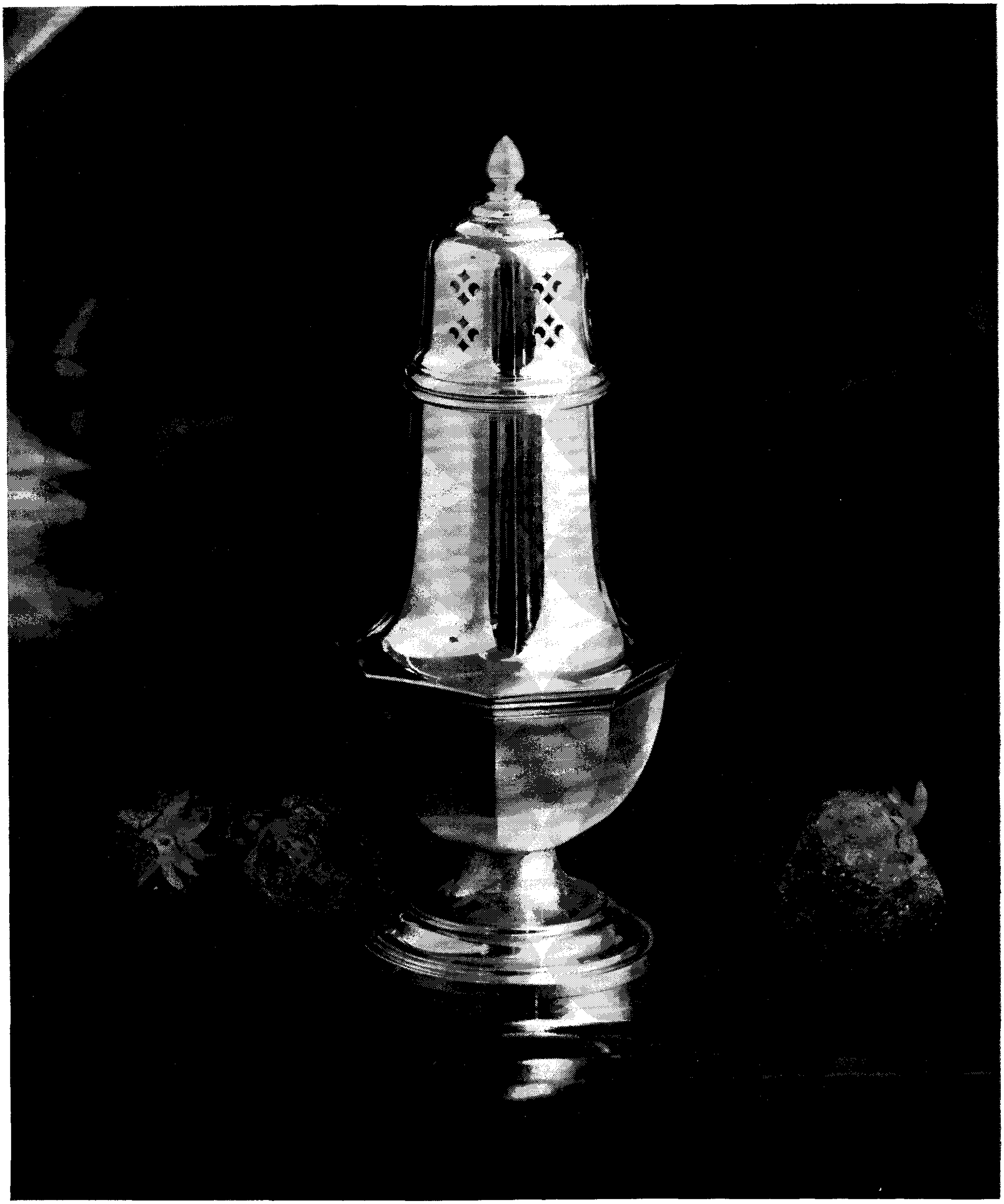

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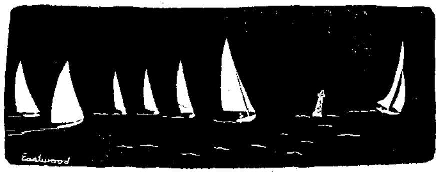

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A study by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble of the war between the generations. Sombre but plausible, and often entertaining, with good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective things around. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Dana Andrews (who has replaced Henry Fonda) and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Larry Blyden, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**look back in anger:** The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world. The cast now includes Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **romanoff and juliet:** Peter Ustinov is the author of this fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map, and Tom Poston has succeeded him as its star. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—A rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise." It may lack some of the humor of the original, but it is still reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Dorothy Lamour, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 19, for three weeks.) . . . **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are the present principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, July 20: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, July 25: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, July 17, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan, Alfred Russell, and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Peg Murray (who will be replaced on Tuesday, July 22, by Colleen Dewhurst) and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Paul Stevens head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Paul Ballantyne. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with William Marshall and Robert Geiringer. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park, at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 26.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 19: Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten in "Sabrina

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fair." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 19: "Paint Your Wagon." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Girl Crazy." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 26: Ethel Barrymore Colt in "The Boy Friend." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 19: "Guys and Dolls." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Happy Hunting." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 19: Burgess Meredith in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Celeste Holm in "Third Best Sport," a new play. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 19: John Ireland in "Abraham Lincoln." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 19: Claude Dauphin and Lili Darvas in "The Waltz of the Toreadors." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten in "Sabrina Fair." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 20: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: "The Matchmaker." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 19: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "No Time for Sergeants." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, July 19, at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 19: "Wish You Were Here." Starting Monday, July 21: "Fanny." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 19: Groucho Marx in "Time for Elizabeth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Ann Sheridan in "Kind Sir." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 19: "Robin Hood." Wednesday through Saturday, July 23-26: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Lake Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 20: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Wednesday through Sunday, July 23-27: "Time of Storm," a new play. (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30.)

Lambertville—Sylvia Sidney in "Auntie Mame." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 19: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"Damn Yankees." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 19: "The Gondoliers." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "The Merry Widow." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 19: Arthur Treacher in "A Visit to a Small Planet." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: John Baragrey in "The Devil's Disciple." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 26: "Middle of the Night." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 19: Ella Logan in "Maggie." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Burgess Meredith in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

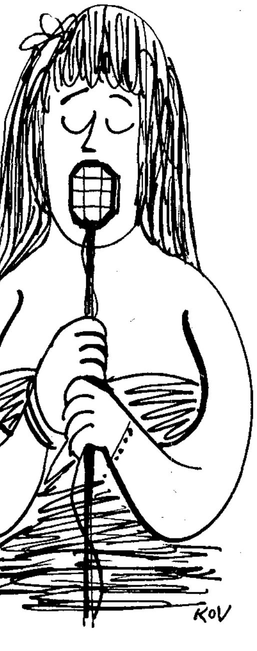
Pawling—Through Sunday, July 20: "No Time for Sergeants." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: "Inherit the Wind." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 26: "The Cave Dwellers." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 19: Sam Levene in "Middle of the Night." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 19: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 19: "The Cocktail Party." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "The Mousetrap." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



Stratford—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Thursday, July 17, at 8:30; Saturday, July 19, at 3; Tuesday, July 22, at 8:30; and Thursday, July 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Winter's Tale," with Nancy Marchand and Richard Waring: Previews Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 8:30. Opens officially Sunday, July 20, at 3. Other performances Wednesday, July 23, at 8:30; Friday, July 25, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 26, at 3. . . . ¶ "Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Wednesday, July 23, at 2:30, and Saturday, July 26, at 8. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 26: Joan Blondell in "New Girl in Town." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays, and Sunday, July 20, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, July 20: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Happy Hunting." Starting Tuesday, July 22: "Porgy and Bess." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 19: Alfred Drake in "He Who Gets Slapped." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Groucho Marx in "Time for Elizabeth." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturday, July 19, at 6 and 9; and Saturday, July 26, at 2:40 and 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 20: "Separate Tables." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: "The Matchmaker." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 19: Geoffrey Holder and his company, Ram Gopal, and Sahomi Tachibana. Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: The Ximenez-Vargas Spanish Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Incidental music, for talking or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

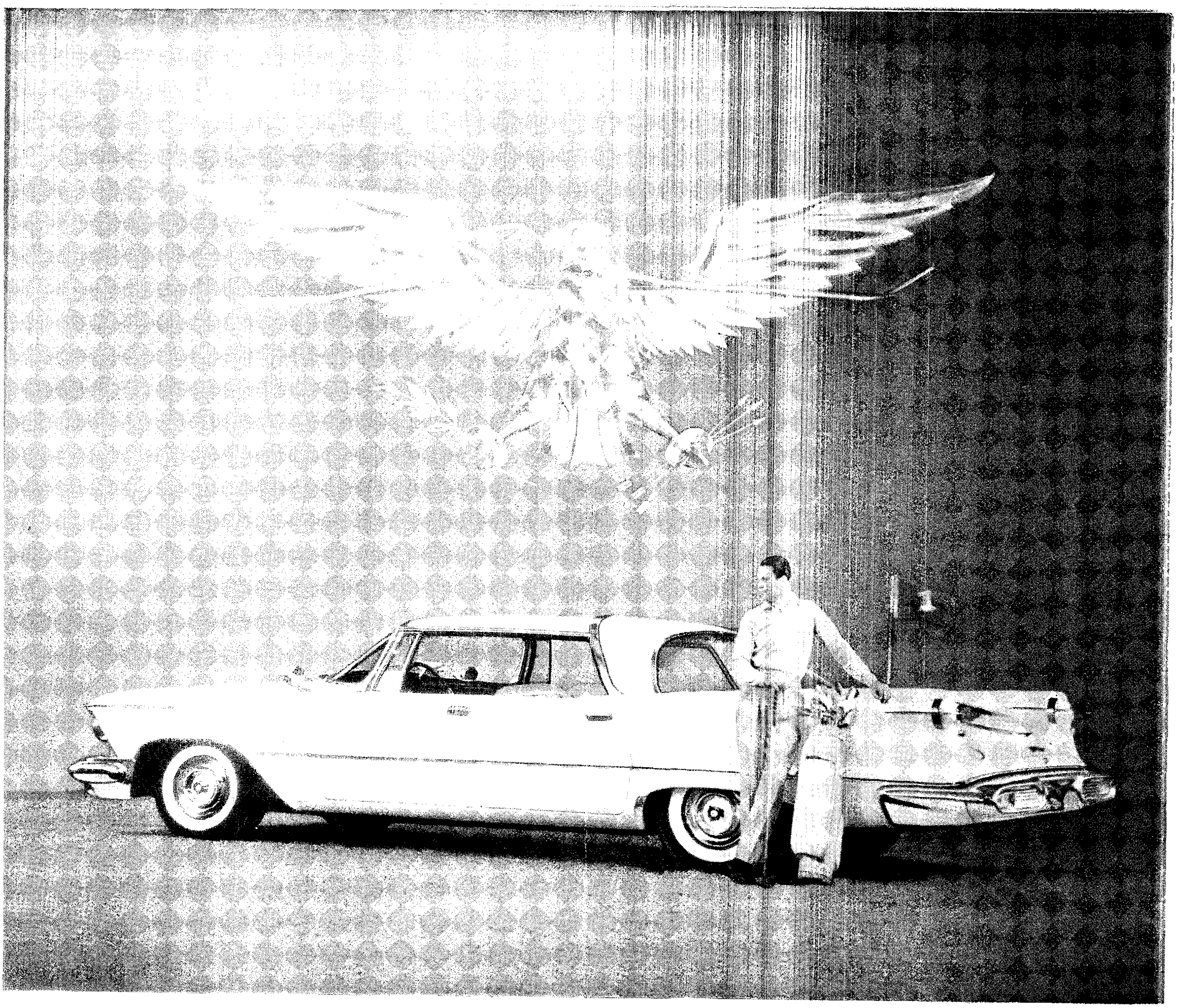
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's dancing in the Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is usually Stanley Worth's. Every evening but Sunday, Renato Rossini has a masterly go at his guitar, which gets more and more sensuously Mediterranean as the night grows older.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lenny Herman and his orchestra, the Grill's swallows of summer, make dance music off and on through the night. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The top of the evening, as well as the top of Manhattan, awaits the journeyer from the city streets. Here one can dance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irving Conn's dance orchestra just keeps rolling along.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, which clings to its perch despite the wholesale demolition of Park Avenue, the feasting music stops at nine and the prancing music immediately ensues. The latter is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Mother Nature, arrayed principally in chlorophyll, beckons at the edge of the open-air piazza upon which, whenever the Weather Bureau stops fiddling with the water faucets, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's rumba-and-mambo band disport themselves. The dancing starts at eight on weekdays and at seven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—A couple of smoldering dancers and a few new ballads have been added to the diet of Los Chavales de España, on the Starlight Roof, but traditionalists are likely to go on admiring most the *esprit de corps* of the older members of this esteemed marching-and-choral club, the profile of Luis Tamayo (that milkman's-matinée idol), and the firefly capers of Trini Reyes, the première ballerina. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On a picturesque island of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the trio of Jozsi Ribari does listening music from eight until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Béla Babai band plays for dancing.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes by Joseph Sudy's trio from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, to say nothing of cocktails and such. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

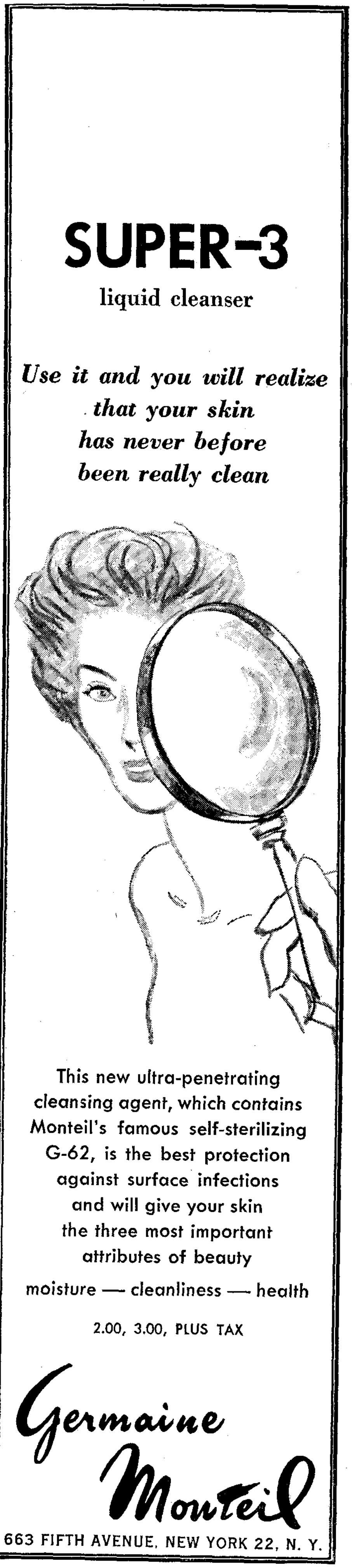
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Still, after all these years, a green pasture for the taking of ease, nourishment, and the piano of Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper with tunes that bring back fond memories. John Kelley, Jr., is now the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The mixture is varied—fresh-water pearls with their first beaux, lifetime nighthawks out (or in) for the air. The professional part of the roundelay is the piano of Dr. Al Mello, a youthful healer who has turned from Band-Aids to both soulful and upbeat music as a curative. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at five. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, which deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Sam Hamilton puts music to her words. Miss Mercer arrives around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS-DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): This ivory tower, transplanted as intact as possible from its original Sixth Avenue site, reopens on Tuesday, July 22. The *régisseur* will still be Julius Monk, a Regency *régisseur* if ever there was one; the amusement will be Alice Ghostley, a lighthearted and lightheaded intoner of handmade lyrics, plus the piano of Don Evans and Carl Norman. Zero hour for the bar is five, for the music nine-thirty; closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Holiday in Rome, under the guidance of veteran chefs; holiday with strings, under the guidance of Theo Fanidi, whose lilting and circumnavigating violinists go, go, go all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence—peaceful old Florence before it was punctuated by backfiring Vespas and Lambrettas—has been reëstablished by Arturo Sacco, for nearly a generation the major-domo of the Blue Angel. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson at intervals from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there are ingenious songs by Dean Sheldon (one hand on a bongo drum, the other on the heartstrings) and sonorous songs by Pat Paterno, who doesn't quite know what to do with his booming baritone. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards having a good, tense, hot-blooded, folksy old time, which leads to plenty of native singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templar, or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state of décor. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Reopens on Monday, July 21, again to provide chamber music, piano, and voice—always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. This begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. The setting is Iberian midsummer night's dream. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this odd little art gallery, Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is changing over from romance to jump tunes, and a duo run by Adelaide Robbins, who represents piano for moderns, start singing at their work. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. At frequent intervals, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's rambling piano by George Feyer. His closing night is Wednesday, July 23, but there'll be piano on subsequent evenings, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Saturday and Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has someone scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A ten-pound *bon-voyage* candy box equipped for dining at low speed to the sound of rhapsodic assaults on a piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Anything—clowns, tumblers, dancers, flying bird cages, rainstorms, march-pasts—can happen on the gigantic stage, but the main idea is les girls, of whom there are quite a sufficiency in their summer dresses and their bikinis. Kathryn Grayson, a Hollywood maverick, adds song and tomfoolery to this



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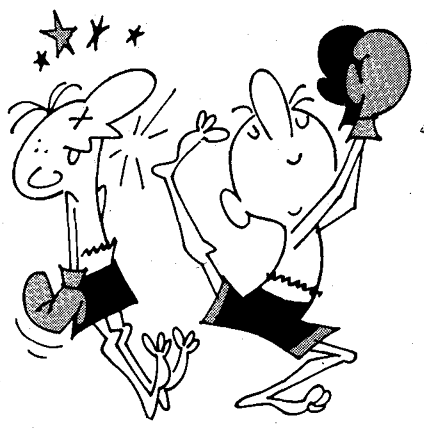

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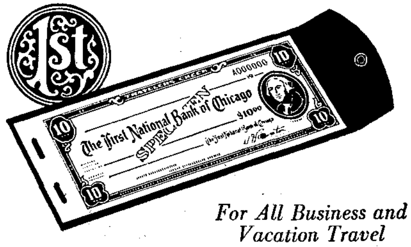

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bubbly mélange; Jack Durant adds the jokes. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The human comedy, a play in innumerable acts composed (and performed in) by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, comes close to perfection in their hot little hands. There is further gallimaufry by Dorothy Loudon, a girl quite at home with some of the wildest nonsense ballads of our time; by the Buffalo Bills, who could get a job doing "Sweet Adeline" in any barbershop; and Reneaux, a magician capable of passing some rather neat miracles. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are their background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., the Lyons trio runs riot. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An evening of catch-as-catch-can. The cast includes Mae Barnes, who can stun any ditty into insensibility; Felicia Sanders, singing songs that are gems of emotional crisis; Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and their dishevelled music; and Jimmie Daniels, decanter of man-of-the-world ballads. The intermission pianist is Murray Grand. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for the Troupers, who go the uneven tenor and soprano of their way through a cluster of songs and jesting twice a night. They are off Sundays, when old movies take their place. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Just about the littlest stopover on the little-theatre circuit, and sort of helter-skelter. The revue it houses has, along with some flotsam and jetsam, several moments of pure joy, as well as a singer of sad songs, Fia Karin, who does very well for herself. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio (in which Mousie Alexander is encased) on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae, a puissant songbird with a message Western Union couldn't begin to understand, is accompanied by a trio run by Don Abney from the piano. The deeply introspective Randy Weston trio takes up the rest of the evening. Sundays there are matinées, four to seven-thirty, in addition to the nighttime sessions. Closed Mondays. On Tuesday, July 22, a whole new show, headed by a very new Miles Davis sextet, which involves John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The one suitable master of ceremonies for this concatenation of heraldry and armorial gimcrackery is Prince Valiant, at present on the road. In his stead, ensconced in the center of the pictorial melee, are the trios of Barbara Carroll, possibly the best girl executive in the business, and of Eddie Heywood, a steady-going customer. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith reliving the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The trio of the skillful Marian McPartland, running a modern gamut from picturesque to pithy, is the principal ingredient of the back room. It stays away on Sundays. On Thursday, July 24, the trio of Bernard Peiffer will be injected into the proceedings. Johnny Mehegan, whose sound is introvert abstract, has the piano in tow from cocktails to eight every night except Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done by Woody Herman's band, or Herd, and the Sonny Rollins trio, which is bop, and hard bop, at that. The Herman mob will leave on Wednesday, July 23, and Dave Brubeck's group will arrive the next evening. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, shows that East and West have a common meeting ground when the subject is progressive piano. She is Nipponese, her sidemen are local boys. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is just what you'd expect to find rollicking on this Village Green. Its roots are in the past. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Claude Hopkins, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The pet sport of the beer-and-pretzels customers is turning time backward in its flight to an era they're too young to remember. Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, should be Wild Bill Davison, Jo Jones, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Freddie Moore. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In case you can't tell who's on first because of the uproar in the stands, the players are Teddy Wilson, almost all that's left of a famous age of integrated jazz, and Jonah Jones, a bugler of long standing. Mr. W. has a trio, Mr. J. has a quartet. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Tony Scott, one of the Angry Young Clarinets, is driving his quintet at a furious clip around a small and amiable arena. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the stand are Thelonious Monk, a Surrealist poet of the piano, and his fivesome. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, Hotel Duane,

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237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): After ten, a youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area and, led by Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket, indulges in a bit of sideplay, too. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Jack Levine, Yutaka Ohashi, and Richard Hunt; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The eleventh annual travelling exhibition, consisting of paintings by Margit Beck, William Chaiken, Tom Clancy, and others; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Portraits, 1755-1815, by James Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and others; through July 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-life paintings by artists of the early nineteen-hundreds, as well as by contemporary artists (Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, John Heliker, and so on); through Friday, July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, July 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 22.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through Friday, July 25. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Kirchner, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through Friday, July 25. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors over the years, from fifteenth-century French and Italian works to present-day American ones, and including examples by Delacroix, Boucher, Fragonard, and Homer; through July 31. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 29.

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Kenzo Okada, Genichiro Inokuma, Tadashi Sato, and four other painters; through July 31. (Graham, Third Floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints by Jacques Callot (1592-1635) and Honoré Daumier (1808-79); through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A summer loan exhibition of a hundred and forty-five privately owned paintings, dating from Veronese and El Greco to Braque and Picasso; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum will be closed until early fall for carpentry and such.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Audrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Maillol, Paolozzi, Miró, and others; through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from across the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Signa Gallery: Oils, plus a few sculptures, all done within the past ten years by, among others, Enrico Donati, Hans Hofmann, and Ibram Lassaw; through Saturday, July 19. . . . ¶ Principally oils, by Fritz Bultman, Giorgio Cavallon, Betty Parsons, and others; through Thursday, July 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 1 and 3 to 6; Sundays and Mondays, 3 to 6.). . . **MANCHESTER, N.H.** Currier Gallery of Art: Modern Swedish textiles, together with works by young American designers and craftsmen who have studied abroad on Fulbright awards, and examples of early New Hampshire silver; through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Art Center: In a garden setting, sculptures by Anna Hyatt Huntington, Lily Ente, and other New England and New York State sculptors; through Sept. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.). . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: The third New England annual, a jury show of works in various mediums; starting Saturday, July 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.). . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: The forty-seventh annual exhibition of contemporary American art (all mediums); through Sunday, July 20. . . . ¶ Oils and water colors on loan from several Boston galleries; starting Saturday, July 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by Edward Betts, David von Schlegell, John Laurent, and others; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: The first show of their forty-fourth season includes paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by such artists as Jerry Farnsworth, Morris Davidson, and Seong Moy; through Saturday, July 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.). . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Art Museum: American primitive paintings from the seventeenth century to the present; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 17: Josef Krips directing Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, with Irene Jordan, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; David Poleri, tenor; Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Roger Machado conducting, with José

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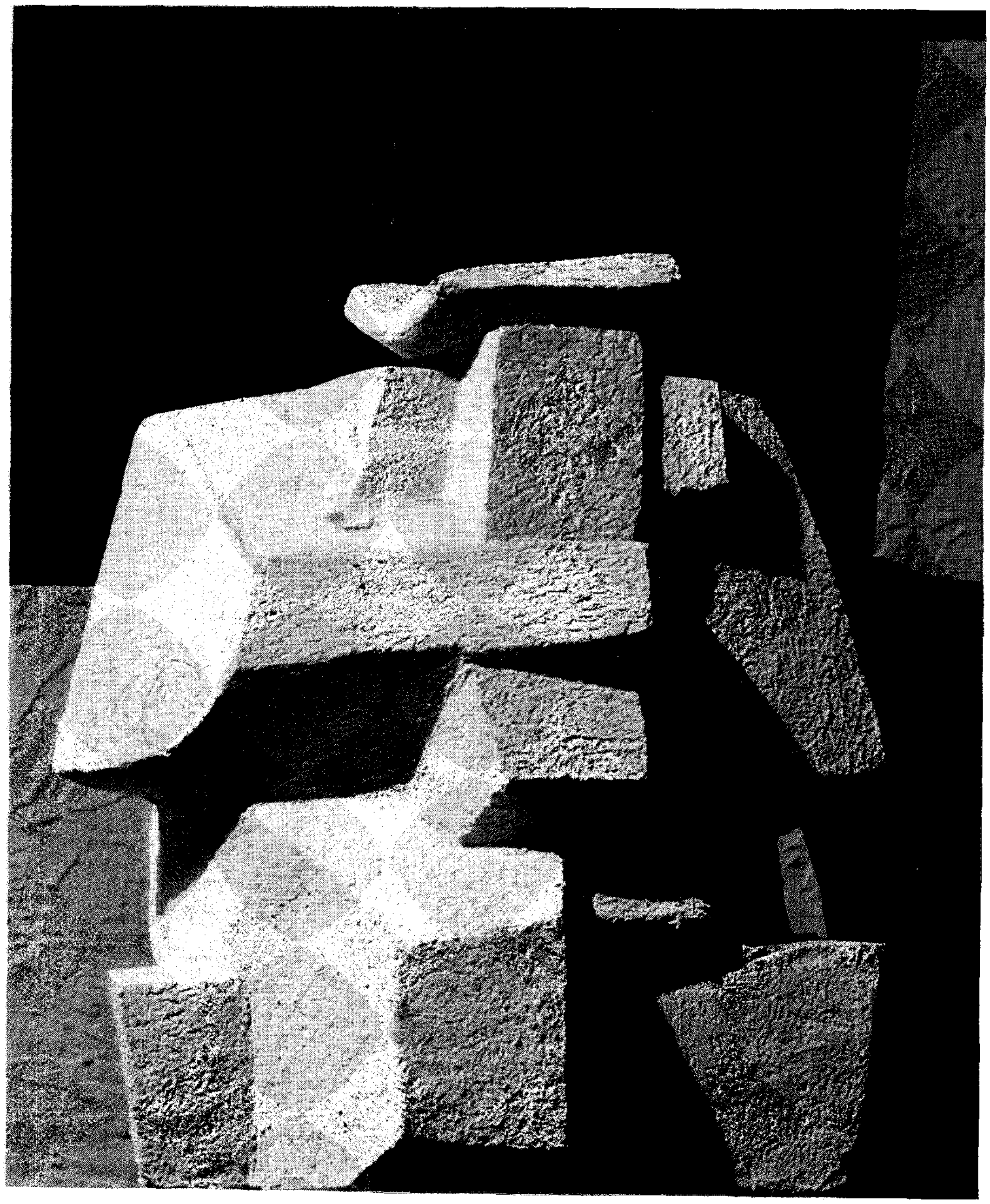
(*Epistles*, 2, 2. A.D. 63-64)



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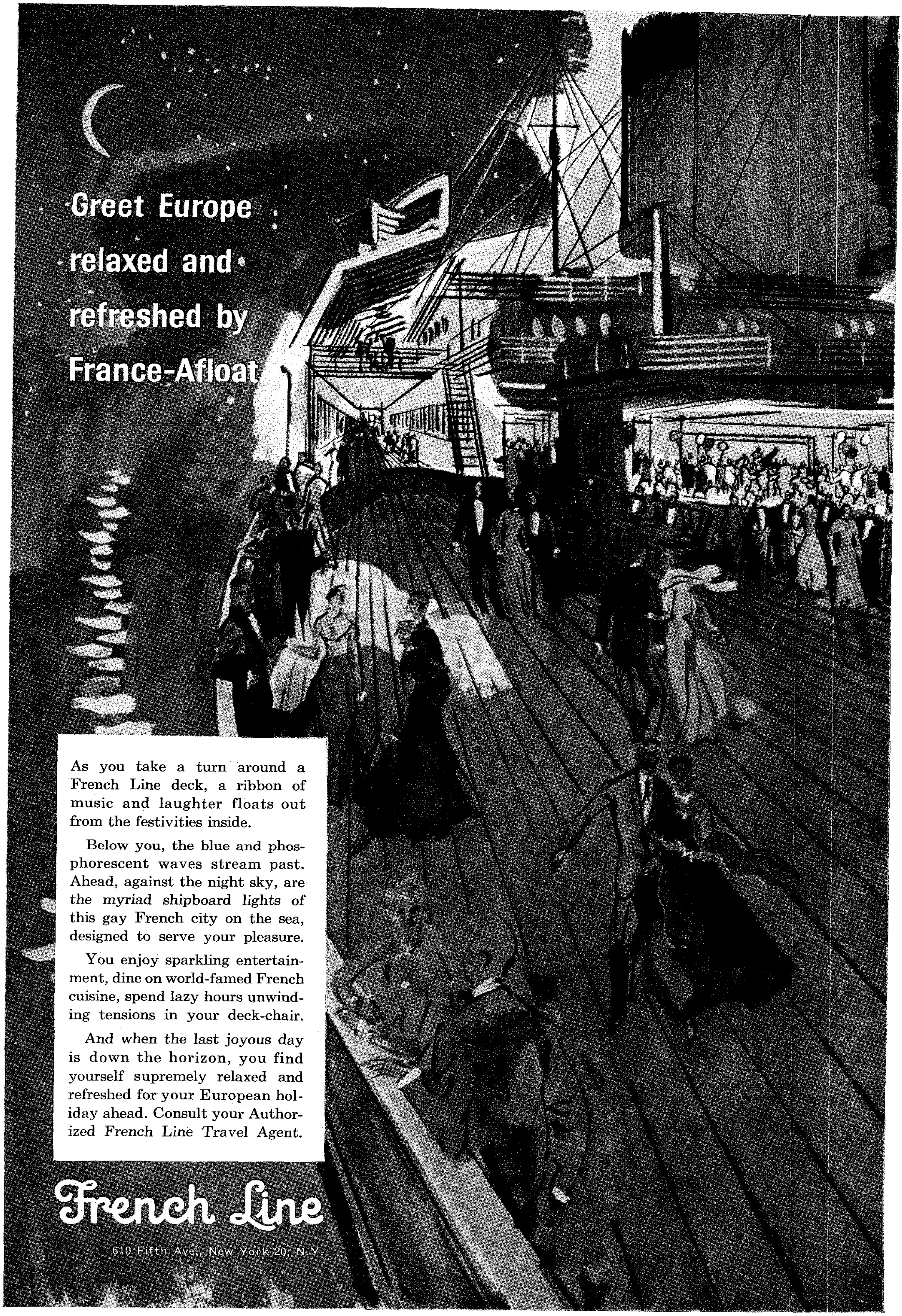

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610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. . . . ¶ Monday, July 21: Max Rudolf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Moura Lympany, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22: Max Rudolf conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Max Rudolf conducting, with Piero Weiss, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Duke Ellington and his orchestra and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26: Josef Krips conducting a program of Viennese music, with Hilde Gueden, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 2. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15. Skitch Henderson will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 20.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of "Die Fledermaus," in English, with soloists. The third in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 19, at 8:30.)

After Dinner Opera Company—A free performance of two one-act operas presented in English: Jacques Offenbach's "66" and Gerald Cockshott's "Apollo and Persephone." (Wollman Memorial, Central Park. Monday, July 21, at 9.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 18, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, in memory of Serge Koussevitzky, with Hilde Gueden, soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 8:30: A song recital by Adele Addison, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 19, at 3:30: Mary Lou Williams, Joe Turner, and Pete Johnson. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 8:30: Wilbur de Paris and his new New Orleans Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: Anita O'Day and her trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 3:30: Marais and Miranda. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 8:30: Oscar Peterson's trio. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Adele Addison, soprano, with Blake Stern, tenor, and instrumentalists of the New York Chamber Soloists. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—The Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 3: Julius Rudel conducting, with Mignon Dunn, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting, with Muriel Kilby, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 8:30: A program of music from "Song of Norway." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting, with Henry Rauch, piano. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 20, at 4.)

Southern Vermont Art Center—"Don Pasquale," presented in English by singers of the New England Opera Theatre. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday, July 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, July 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 18, at 8; Saturday, July 19, at 2; and Sunday, July 20, at 2 (doubleheader).

Boxing—Gale Kerwin vs. Bobby Scanlon, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, July 18. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—National P.G.A. Championship. (Llanerch Country Club, Havertown, Penn. Through Sunday, July 20.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Spring Brook Country Club, Morristown, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plandome Golf Club, Plandome, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica. Wednesday through Sunday, July 23-27.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. Thursday and Friday, July 24-25.) . . . ¶ P.G.A. Eastern Open Championship. (Baltimore, Md. Thursday through Sunday, July 24-27.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, July 29. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 19; the Great American, Wednesday, July 23; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, July 20, at 2.

Tennis—New Jersey State Women's Championships. (Berkeley Tennis Club, Orange, N.J. Monday through Saturday, July 21-26.)

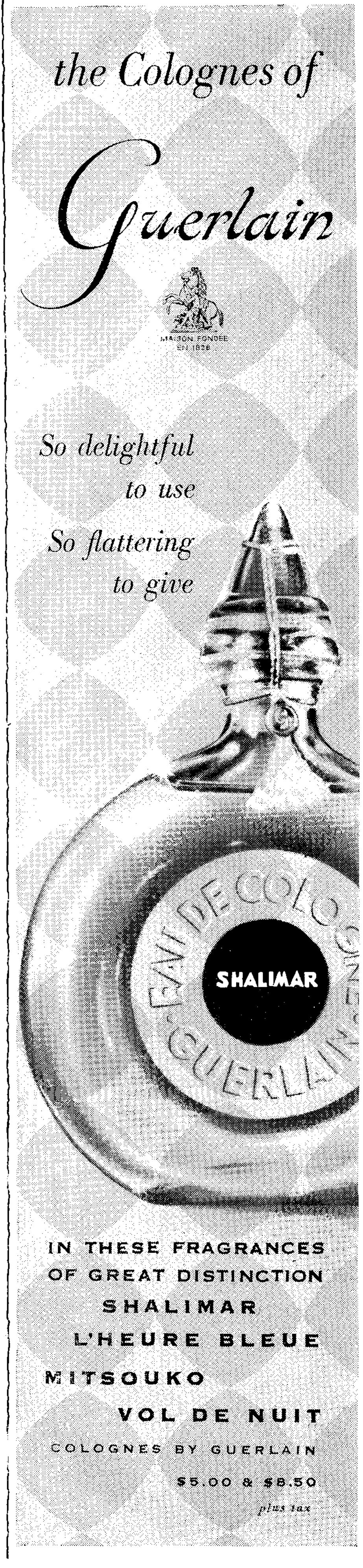
Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4.

Yachting—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport, R.I. Through Saturday, July 19.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 19, through Saturday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, July 19, through Saturday, July 26.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which depicts the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a topnotch French film that describes natural childbirth in terms at once informative and dramatic. Mr. Gabin is cast as a doctor trying to get the idea of painless parturition across to the peasants of a French Alpine village, and Miss Courcel as a young pregnant woman who subscribes to his theories. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through July 22. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 23.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling acting by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As an account of how the seagoing tugs of the British Navy salvaged merchantmen damaged by the Germans in the Second World War, this Anglo-American picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, has much to recommend it. On the other hand, the plot, having to do with a young woman who feels obligated to give herself to a series of tugboat captains because she thinks it is the least she can do in memory of her deceased tugboating sweetheart, doesn't make much sense. Sophia Loren plays the mixed-up lady, and William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the gallant tars. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE
NEWSREELS

Kings Go Forth—Not long on credibility, this film, which deals with war and love in southern France during the Second World War, has the advantage of an engaging performance by Frank Sinatra, cast as an up-from-the-ranks lieutenant who becomes enamored of a Riviera girl born to a Negro and a Caucasian. Also with Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Operation Mad Ball—For a change, a really comical military film. Some soldiers attached to a medical unit in France after the Second World War are distracted by the presence of a group of pretty nurses, and their method of impressing them—which includes pilfering practically everything from the mess of their outfit that isn't nailed down—is funny indeed. The highly skilled cast is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; July 20-22.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his interpretation of the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting July 20, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 23. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 23, tentative.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 20-22.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 18-19.)

Love in the Afternoon (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 17.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 20-22.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 21.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture with Charles Laughton. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through July 22.)

The Roots (1957)—Four stories about life among the Mexican Indians. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 19, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 20-22.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 21.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KINGS GO FORTH.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE KEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 23 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama—South Seas Adventure." (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 22 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).
From July 23 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 22 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**
From July 23 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 22: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 23: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Your Past Is Showing!," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 22: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.
From July 23: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Bus Stop," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE KEY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 21: **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.
From July 22: To be announced.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 22 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**
From July 23 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 23: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 22: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 23: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 19 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.
From July 20 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 22 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From July 23 (tentative): "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 22: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.
From July 23: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Bus Stop," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 22: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 23: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 17: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON**, revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
July 18-19: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
July 20-22: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **NEW FACES**, revival.
From July 23: "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 19 (tentative): **THE ROOTS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.
From July 20 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 23 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 22: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 23: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 19: "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
July 20-22: **THE ROOTS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.
From July 23: **GERVAISE** (in French); and "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 22: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.
From July 23: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Bus Stop," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Light in the Forest," Fess Parker, Wendell Corey.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 22: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 23: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 19: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.
July 20-22: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From July 23: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

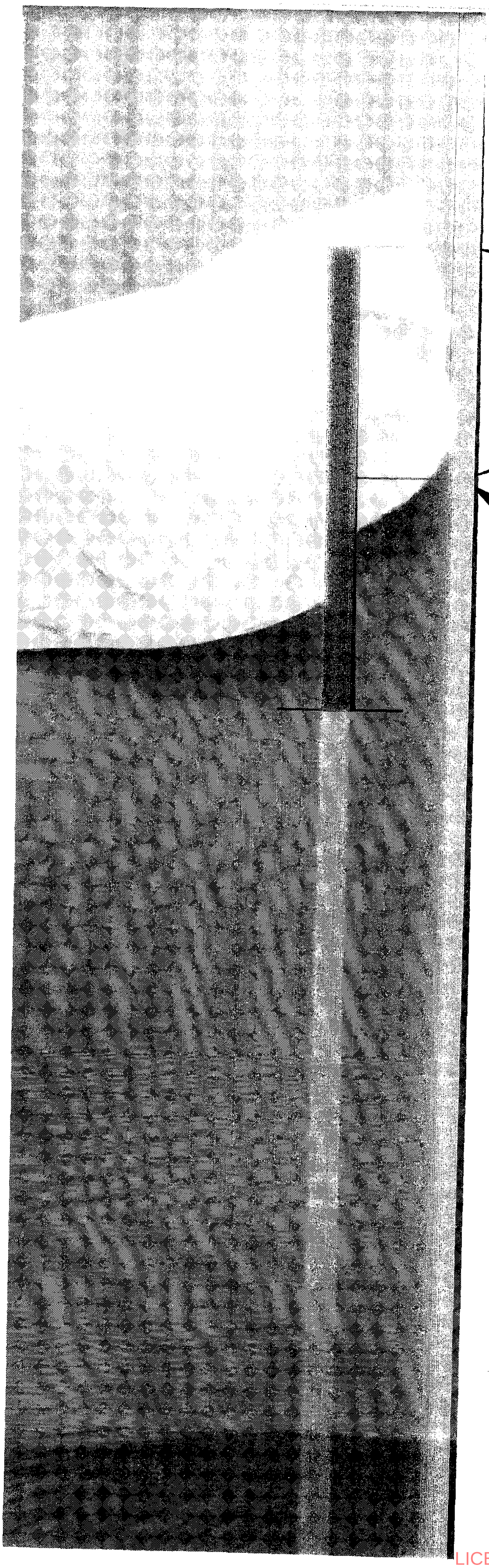
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 17: "Ivan the Terrible" and "Stone Flower" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 18: "Aïda" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell; and "Concert of Stars" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
July 19: "The Devil's General" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook; and "3 Feet in a Bed" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
July 20: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and "The Moment of Truth" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan, Jean Gabin.
July 21: "The Stratford Adventure," and two other short films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
July 22: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
July 23: "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters; and a program of nine short films of the dance—"The Skating Ring," "The Dying Swan," and such.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 23: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through July 22: **GERVAISE** (in French); and **REMBRANDT**, revival.
From July 23: "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 22: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 23: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 22: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.
From July 23: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Bus Stop," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.



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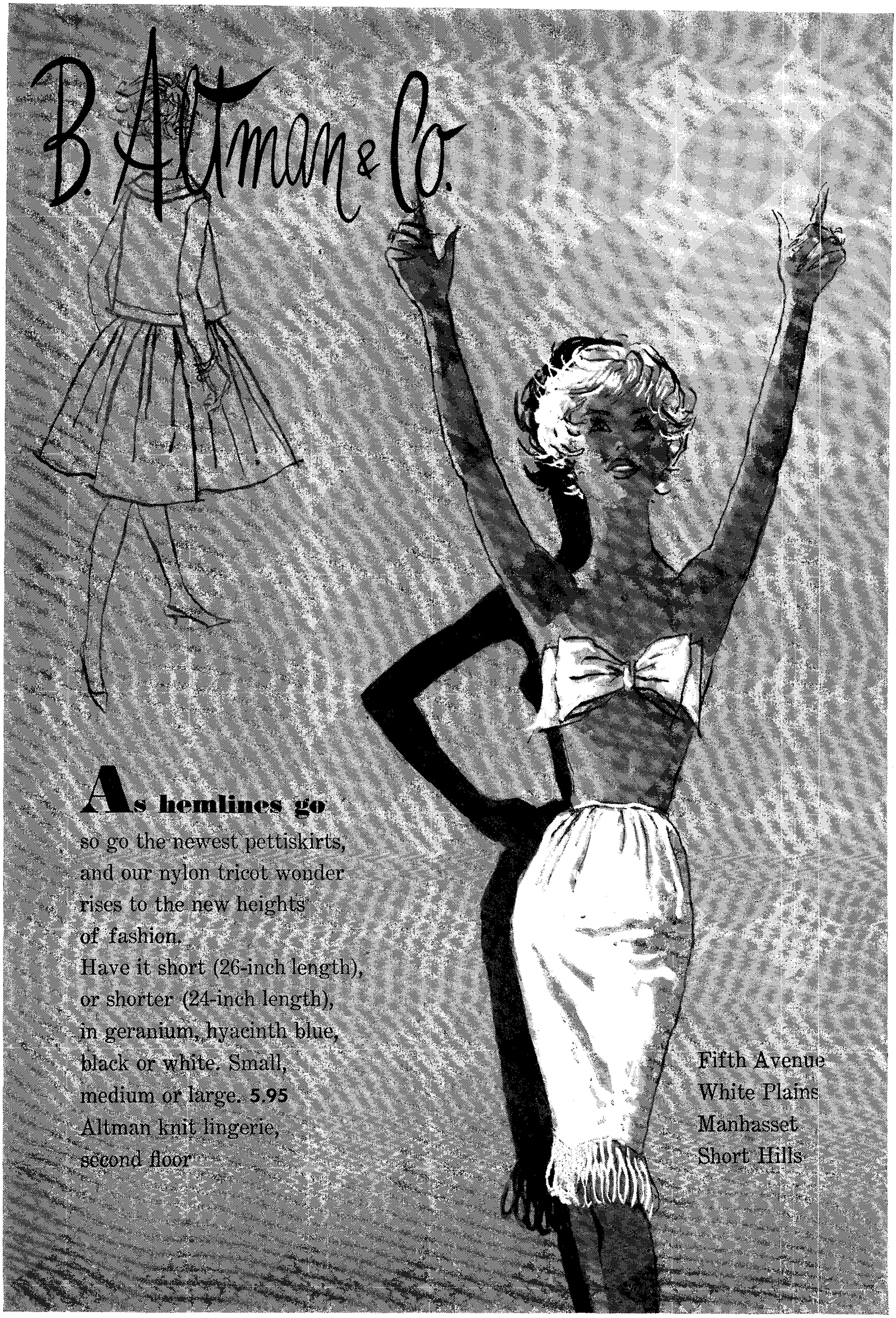

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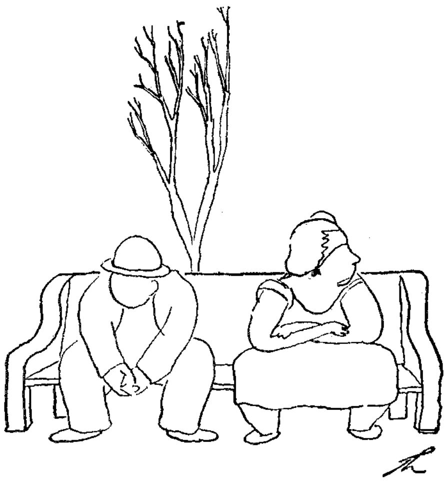
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN, the other day, the President asked Congress for legislation to let the Secretary of State withhold passports from Americans whose presence abroad "would conflict with our foreign-policy objectives," we were patriotically impressed until we began to wonder what foreign-policy objectives are, how long they last, and what constitutes conflict. State Department foreign-policy objectives, for example, often differ from those of Congress itself, as senatorial votes prove, and not only in years when administration and Congress represent different political parties, as, of course, they do now. There are maverick senators who plump for a Franco or a Tito, or for Algerian independence or the invasion of the Chinese mainland, and when they do their public statements conflict with the State Department line of the moment and presumably jar people whom it is a State Department objective to conciliate. The foreign-policy objective of most press associations, newspapers, television people, and independent writers—which is to tell exactly what is going on—is in conflict even more frequently. (We have a vivid memory of a moment in Algiers during the late war when a then general and his State Department political adviser stopped dispatches about a political albatross named Darlan, whom they tied, like a bib, around the Free World's neck.) When we got beyond congressmen and pressmen in our speculations, doubt about whose travels might be considered to conflict with any given Secretary of State's objectives grew doubly dubious. Senator Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire, this spring presented to the President, with a ringing wah-hoo-wah, a charge by one of his constituents, a businessman, that the United States exhibit at Brussels made us look silly in the eyes of the world. (It is a permanent foreign-policy objective not to look silly.) A word from a New Hampshire businessman is a command, and a White House emissary was dispatched to size the exhibit up. If the businessman, or the Senator, ever becomes Secretary of State, no abstract painter will get a passport into an area where he will be likely to you-know-what. On the other hand, if a millionaire who collects modern art gets in, there will be no passports for representational artists. The *Wanderungen* of Hollywood starlets, Billy Graham, prizefighters, and American Legion conventions will be subject to the ukase of Secretaries to be appointed by administrations so deep in the womb of the future that their f.-p.o.s are not descriable even by Mr. Dulles, and those Secretaries may be, unhappily, less infallible than he is.

IN the last weeks, along with everyone else, we have been following the intricate turnings of the Adams-Goldfine affair, and, questions of morality and politics aside, an aspect of the case we have found most curious and mystifying is the way in which the names of those involved in the hearings seem to belong not to a Congressional investigation at all but rather to a Restoration comedy or a medieval morality play. Congreve himself could hardly have done better in selecting the names of the principals—Goldfine, a wealthy merchant of Boston; Adams, a man said to have fallen from grace; and, among the lesser personages of the drama, Roger Robb, an attorney to the merchant; Miss Paperman, a bookkeeper; Jack Lotto, a former gentleman of the press, now involved in the uncertain business of public relations; John Fox, a financier; Representative Hale, a hearty congressman—it's positively supernatural. We're planning to write a letter to our representative and demand a Congressional investigation of the whole matter.



Back and Forth

THIS time of year, American and European students are constantly crisscrossing the Atlantic. Since, whatever our foreign-policy objectives are at the moment, we fail to see how anything but good can come of throwing the young of the world at one another's heads as often as possible, we've been happy to put in an appearance at a couple of ceremonies held in connection with these summertime comings and goings. The first ceremony we attended was a presentation by Mrs. Roosevelt of an award, dreamed up by the American Heritage Foundation, to the sixty members of the Smith College Singers. We know nothing about the American Heritage Foundation award, but we like to look at Mrs. Roosevelt and Smith girls, so the affair proved a pleasant one. It was held at the World Affairs Center, over on United Nations Plaza, shortly before the girls took off on an eight-week tour, in the course of which they'll be singing in England, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, and Italy. On earlier trips, the Smith group broke precedent by becoming the first women's choral group ever to sing in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, and in the cathedrals at Canterbury and Chartres; this year they'll be breaking new ground at

"You know what I'll be delivering one of these days, Mrs. Brown? A letter from my lawyer!"

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the international music festival and contest to be held at Charleroi late in August, where they'll be the only women's group representing the United States.

We arrived at the Center in time to hear its director, Mr. Richard Winslow, apologizing to Mrs. Roosevelt for the fact that the program was a bit behind schedule. Mrs. Roosevelt, charmingly turned out in a navy-blue linen dress and dark-blue pumps, gave Mr. Winslow a gentle, forbearing smile, as if to indicate that after a lifetime of waiting in vain for public events to begin on time it could hardly come as a surprise to her to learn that one was running late. We followed Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. Winslow into the Center auditorium, which was packed with proud relatives and friends of the Smith College Singers; a curtain went up onstage, and there before us were sixty assorted girls in long white evening dresses, looking almost unbearably pretty. After a brief choral interlude, Mrs. Roosevelt presented the award to the conductor of the group, Miss Iva Dee Hiatt, a small, round-faced, smiling lady in her middle thirties; the Singers then poured forth another group of songs—their voices put us in mind of the smoothest possible ice cream—which led to several minutes of strenuous applause. Immediately thereafter, a reception was held, at which grape juice was sipped, cookies were nibbled, and congratulations and *bon-voyage* messages were exchanged.

We were taken in hand by Miss Hiatt and Miss Lesley Lowe, Smith '59, a small, dark-haired, bright-eyed girl, who identified herself as one of the press representatives of the Singers. "Some of the girls have *very* interesting backgrounds," she told us. "For instance, a few years ago one of them rode horseback all across Europe."

Looking slightly incredulous, Miss Hiatt broke in to say that in 1952 the group had sung "Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley" at a private audience with the Pope. "Two years later, we held a private audience for Tito and his wife," she said. "Now we're always being introduced as the group that sang for the Pope and Tito—a mistake, I believe. If people don't bristle at one name, they bristle at the other. We sang for Tito at Brioni, and since he hadn't a piano there, we had to do everything *a cappella*. Whenever there was a pause, I'd hear him muttering something like 'McCarthyism' or 'McCarran Act.' Still, I think he liked us, and so did the Pope."

Lesley brought up a slender blonde with enormous china-blue eyes. "This is Carol Conklin," Lesley said. "She's the girl who rode horseback across Europe."

The enormous eyes filled with dismay. "Heavens, Lesley!" Carol said. "It wasn't across Europe, it was just sort of around Austria for a few days."

"Then tell what you're looking forward to most on this trip," Lesley said firmly, determined to give the press a good story.

"The music festivals in Dubrovnik and Split," Carol said, "and I guess maybe meeting the Yale Glee Club in Munich."

A FEW days later, sixteen Russian students, accompanied by four Russian youth leaders, arrived here for a month's visit to this country and were given a reception at International House. The students range in age from twenty-three to thirty-four, and we got the impression that it would be more accurate to call them advanced scholars. A representative of the Council on Student Travel, which arranged the visit, provided us with a vodka Orange Blossom and a briefing. "Our twenty touring Soviets are part of a reciprocal project," he said. "Forty American students will be touring Russia at the same time. Both groups make up significant cross-sections of their respective countries. By seeing at first hand various artistic, social, and political activities, they hope to achieve a greater understanding between the two nations. If they fail, who can succeed? Already our Soviets have met some Presbyterian students at the Manhattanville Community Center and have been taken on a boat ride around Manhattan. They'll be going to plays, concerts, and museums here and throughout the country. Once they leave New York, they'll split into two groups, one of which will travel to Chicago, Des Moines, Palo Alto, Denver, and Washington, D.C., and the other of which will visit the

Experiment in International Living, at Putney, Vermont; Chicago; the University of Illinois; St. Louis; and the University of North Carolina. They'll see a lot and they'll take in a lot."

The first Russian student we met was a young man with black hair, a swarthy complexion, and a singularly infectious smile. "I Abdul Bezirov, from Baku, Azerbaidzhan," he said. "New York too hot. Like Baku. I oil-engineer student. I love go Texas, but no Soviets go Texas. Good luck. Soviet student need peace. American student need peace. I bring you wish for peace, friendship, good luck. You come to Baku, I speak better English. Welcome." Abdul appeared to be in his early twenties; soon we were joined by another Soviet, who looked over thirty. He said his name was Igor Biriukov and that he was a postgraduate student at Moscow University, as well as a correspondent for *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, which he identified as the newspaper of Communist Party youth. "I am literature man," he said. "Who is the new Hemingway in your literature? Why is Steinbeck not writing now? Where is Saroyan?" We answered his questions as best we could, which was lamely, then wandered off to listen to a Russian girl—there are four girls in the group—being interrogated by an American lady. "Are you married?" she was being asked. "Do you have a washing machine? A television set? Have you ever seen an automatic dryer?" Like us, the poor girl answered as best she could; the questions were easier, but there were more of them and a harsher motive behind them. Somewhere in the room, we heard a genial voice saying, "I Abdul Bezirov, from Baku, Azerbaidzhan. New York too hot. Like Baku. I oil-engineer student. Good luck . . ." and we wondered what Abdul's opposite number was saying in Moscow and what his listeners were making of him.

Routine

OUR Fifth Avenue agent has sent us an uncoded dispatch claiming that the heat is even getting into the new, hermetically sealed office buildings along his territory. The other day, our scout tells us, a man entered one of those stainless-steel elevators and said to the operator, "Sixteen, please." Another man followed and called out, pleasantly enough, "Four." The operator pushed the proper buttons, closed the doors, and grouchily announced, "Every summer it's the same thing. Square roots—all I get is square roots."

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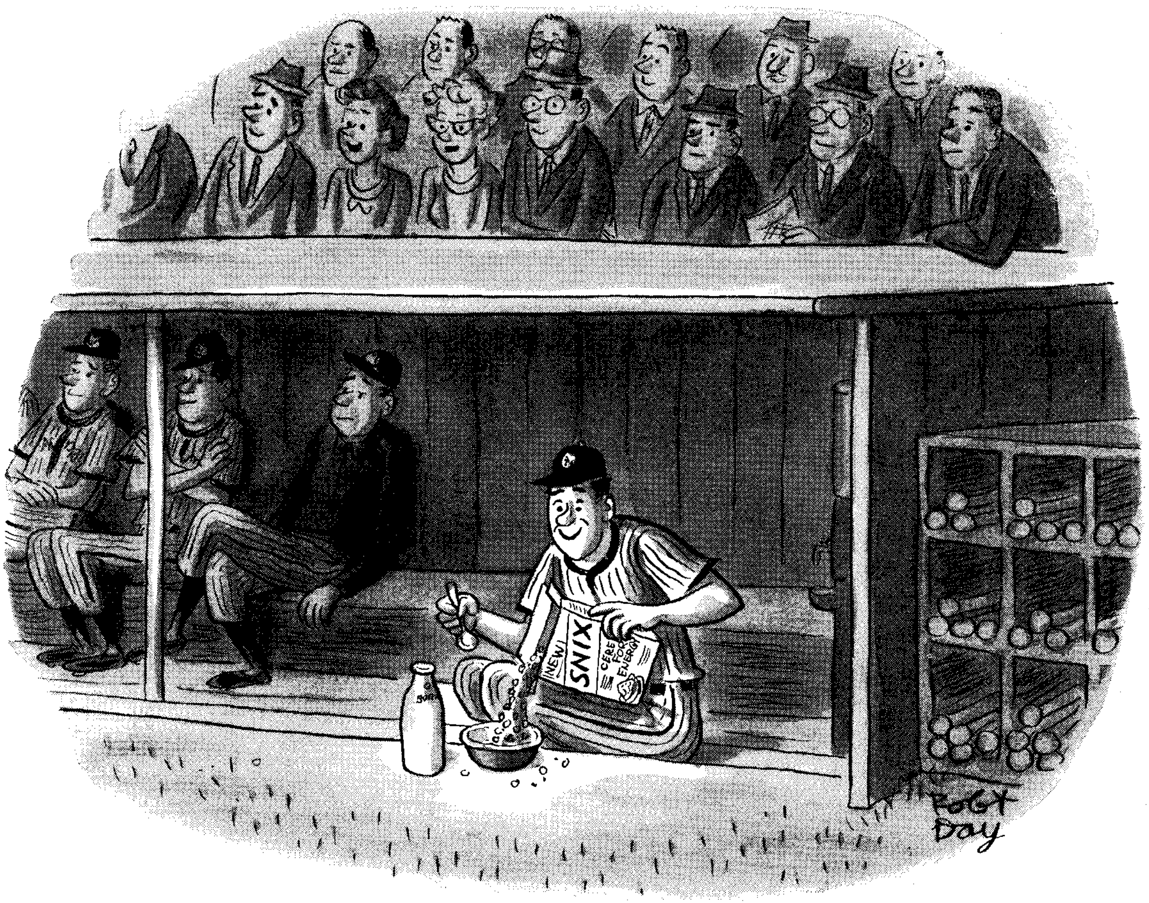
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The White and Gold Suite of the Plaza exhibits the following sign:

Dangerous and Unlawful If Occupied by More Persons Than
Weddings—120
Banquets—122
Lectures—135

In the Present

IT must be well over twenty years ago that we first encountered, at dinner parties around town, an exceedingly entertaining little skyrocket of a man named Jacques Romano. Slender, dark-eyed, and bursting with life, Mr. Romano was much in demand, not only for his conversation—he appeared well versed in a dozen subjects, including chemistry, theology, medicine, linguistics, American history, dietetics, and the Orient—but for his ability as an amateur magician and mind reader. In those days, Mr. Romano, who looked fifty, was reputed to be in his seventies; he hinted that, having investigated the problem of longevity, he had discovered certain crucial secrets that govern the prolongation of human life, and he made no bones about intending to live a very long time—certainly a hundred and twenty years and maybe a hundred and fifty, depending on how enjoyable he found the world. Now, a good many people have had that ambition over the years, but few have gone on record as early, as often, and as publicly as Mr. Romano, and when we happened to see a mention of him in the *Times* the other day, we decided to renew our acquaintance with him and find out how well he was succeeding.

We telephoned Mr. Romano at his office—he is the proprietor of a small but prosperous chemical business down on Maiden Lane—and he invited us to pay him a visit late that afternoon at his apartment, just off Central Park West. "I work fifteen hours a day and sleep five," he said, in a lively voice. "The rest is just odds and ends. Don't be shocked when you see me. I'm ninety-four, but I don't look it." When we ar-



rived at the apartment, we found that Mr. Romano had been right about his appearance; except for the fact that his hair, as abundant as ever, had turned from black to stone gray, he was very nearly the same vigorous, apparently middle-aged man whom we had met in the early nineteen-thirties. Our first question was, of course, how he managed to maintain this fantastic youthfulness. "I'll tell you what I *don't* do," he said. "I don't waste time on fancy exercises"—here he crouched on his haunches, and bounced up and down with a look of amused contempt—"I don't go out and bake in the sun; I don't smoke; I don't drink, except a little to be sociable; and I don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. There's a doctor examining me these days—wants to do some sort of scientific paper on me. According to him, I've the organs of a young man. No hardening of the arteries, no high blood pressure, no stiffening of the joints, no detectable loss of mental ability. Another curious thing about me is that I never feel tired. Time doesn't exist inside me; it is just an invention that I make use of out in the world. Inside, it is always the present, and in the present there can be no reason for fatigue." He fixed us with his bright eyes. "I am in possession of *all* my faculties," he said. "I feel every bit as young today as I did eighty years ago."

Mr. Romano prefers to cloak those early years in mystery. "I won't tell you my birthplace or who my parents were," he said. "I only give credit where credit is due. I was born in 1864, in the universe, and came here to stay in 1889. I added the name Romano to Jacques, and I am the only one in the country; no Frenchman would have an Italian last name and no Italian would have a French first name. Long ago, I worked for Eastman Kodak and that great engineer John Hays Hammond. I founded my own company in 1932. I have no formal training in chemistry but have made a specialty of iodine therapy and sell my products to several local hospitals. I also use what I call suggestive psychology. I spend a lot of time reassuring people who have reached seventy or eighty and are beginning to be afraid that they're old."

Mr. Romano has known many distinguished people in his long life, among them Josef Hofmann, Mme. Blavatsky, the Princess Eulalia of Spain, Melba, Dr. Coué, Mark Twain, Caruso, Henry Ford, Lillian Russell, George VI, Texas Guinan, and Earl Wilson. "My strength lies in never hating or even opposing anyone," he said. "When I am with a Buddhist, I'm a Buddhist; when I'm with a Christian, I'm a Christian; when I'm with a dog, I'm a dog. Treat people as if they were flowers and you will have a happy life."

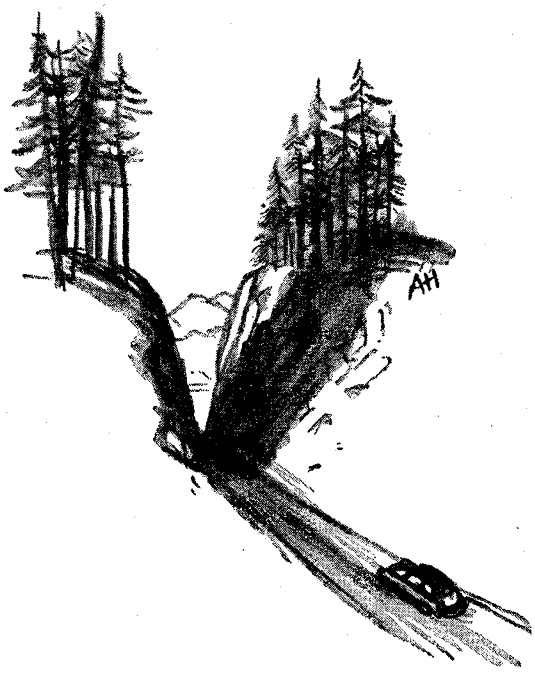
Forehanded

WHEN a mother who has been troubled each summer by her son's failure to write from camp saw him off this year, she gave him some stern warnings about what would happen if he didn't write her as soon as he arrived. These bore fruit. At the station, he handed her several letters and cards that he had neglected to mail, and asked her to drop them in a letter box. She glanced at them, noted a card addressed to her, and read, "Dear Mother: Arrived O.K. Everything fine."

O Pioneers!

THE poor little mouse that went up in the Thor and will probably never be seen any more was a member of the order Rodentia, the family Muridae, the genus Mus, and the species Musculus. *Mus musculus*, or the house mouse, is, we're glad to say, a different kettle of fish from *Rattus rattus*. (Rats are revolting, but we sort of like mice.) The Thor mouse was a white one, laboratory born and bred. We hate to be the one to say it, but it seems the Russians invented the house mouse. Anyhow, it seems to have originated on the Russian steppes. Wherever men go, mice go, with one exception—Eskimo igloos. The first house mice arrived in this country in the seventeenth century, on ships. The commonest native species are the North American deer mouse, otherwise known as the white-footed mouse, and the field mouse, or *Microtus*. *Microtus* is a pleasing, short-tailed, stocky mouse with small ears, usually too shy to come into the house.

Mice are more numerous than rats. An area that can support ten rats can support thirty mice. Your average *Mus musculus* has naked ears and a naked tail, and is gray-brown except on the belly, which is buff. It's from six to eight inches long, including a three-to-four-inch tail, and weighs anywhere from half an ounce to an ounce and a half. It's capable of eating a quarter of its weight daily, and no wonder, because it's exceedingly active. It is on the go night and day, never hibernates, and is even more omniverous than Diamond Jim Brady. Brady never went for paste, glue, soap, and rags. A three-year-old mouse is getting on; a Methuselah of a mouse might live to be six. The female mouse can start breeding at the age of forty days; the gestation period lasts about three weeks, and the average litter numbers from five to seven. In warm climates, mice breed all the year round, so a really congenial pair may have up to a hundred and twenty babies a year. If their offspring are fruitful, the parents could wind up with several million descendants in the course of a couple of years. Talk about togetherness!

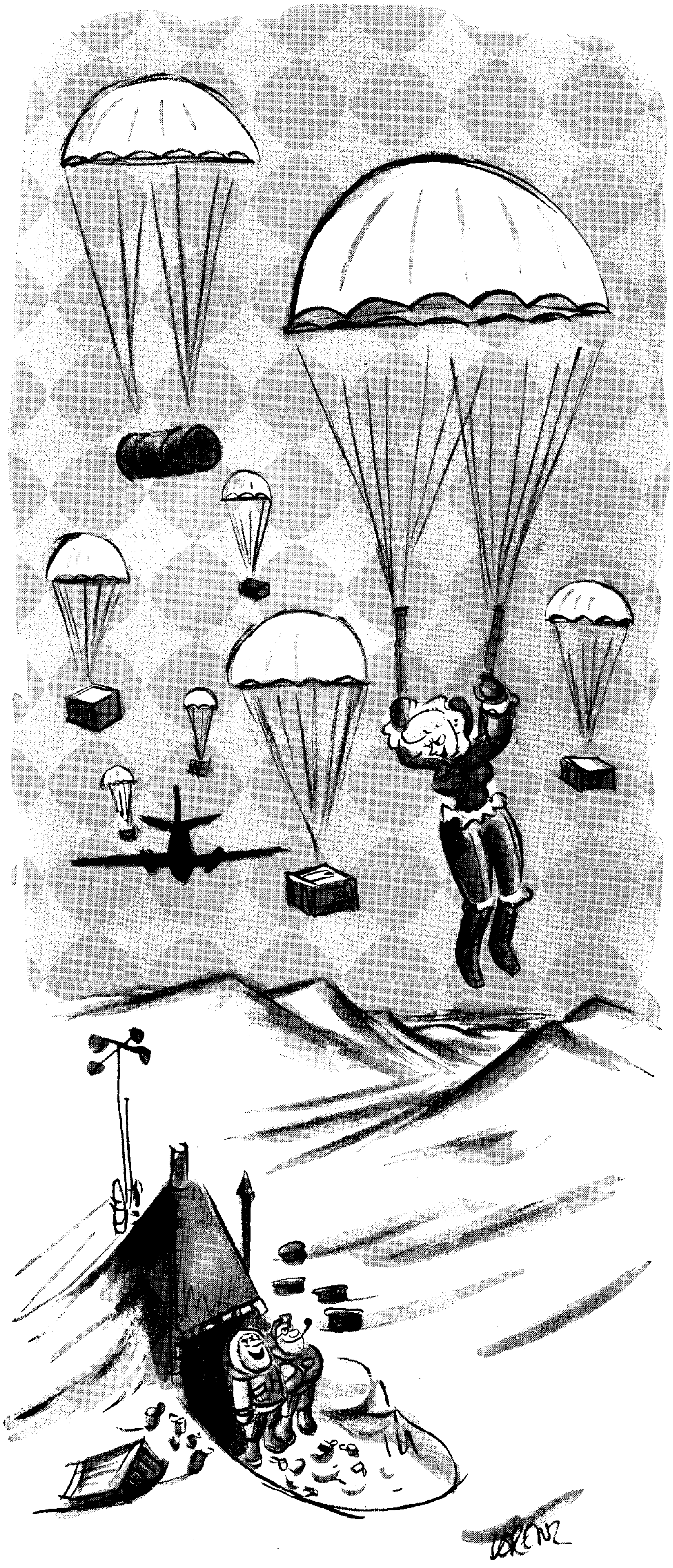


Lemmings are related to field mice, and shrews look like mice but aren't. It's true, by the way, that lemmings dash into the sea from time to time. It's also true that if you grab a deer mouse by the tail, the tail is likely to come off in your hand. Mice have acute hearing, excellent vision, and long whiskers, which help them to get around easily in the dark. Western pocket mice have pockets on the outside of their cheeks to carry seeds in. Eastern mice consider this affected. Mice are amazingly tough and resilient. They have been found in meat packers' freezers, breeding and otherwise living normally at temperatures of twenty degrees below zero, and they can apparently stand up to a hundred and twenty degrees of heat. Ordinarily, they like lots of water, as well as food, but white mice have survived for long periods on a drop of water a day. The front teeth of mice never stop growing and are kept down by sheer masticatory persistence. Dormice are found only in Europe and "Alice in Wonderland." The breeding of mice is a multi-million-dollar industry; fifteen million pedigreed mice a year go to medical laboratories, and another million or so are sold as pets. The extermination of mice as pests is also a multi-million-dollar industry. Paradoxes like that are what help boost the American economy.

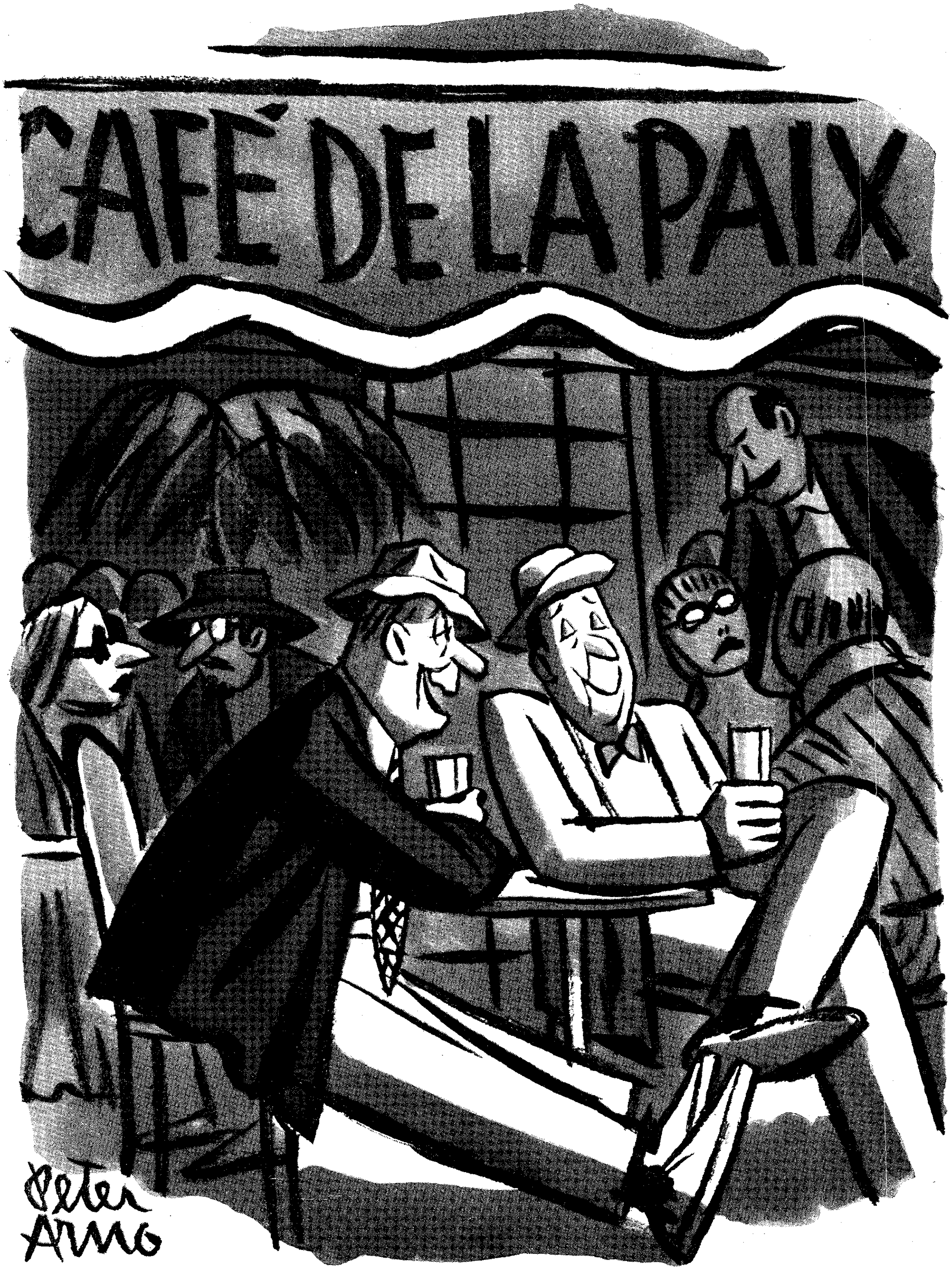
In the Chinese calendar, the first year of every twelve-year cycle is known as the Year of the Mouse. In ancient Greece, Apollo was regarded as the instigator of plagues of mice and was sometimes nicknamed the Mouse God. Many people used to regard the mouse with dread, as being the bodily shape the soul took on escaping from the lips of a dead person. Mice carry mites, but what mites carry we haven't the slightest. In 1936, a mouse named Minnie sang over a national radio network and demonstrated that she had a two-octave range. Darwin mentions an American singing mouse in "The Origin of Species," but he notes dryly that it "had no ear for a tune." It has been estimated that there are a million mice in New York. We bet there are more than that. If a mouse can't get into a modern apartment building by stealing a free ride in a grocery bag, it will come in by way of the air-conditioning ducts. That word "stealing" puts us in mind of the fact that "mouse" derives from the Sanskrit verb for "steal." That's what the little fellows were up to four thousand years ago and that's what they're up to now, except when they're doing medical research, amusing children, or helping out the Air Force.

Salesmanship

NEVER underestimate the power of Orpheus, warns a Cambridge visitor of our acquaintance, who, while stumbling through the Yard, at Harvard, late at night a few weeks ago, heard in the distance the whines of two recorders. Like Eurydice, he followed, and came upon a young man and woman playing Vivaldi for all they were worth on the steps of Widener Library. As he cautiously approached, the couple laid down their recorders, waved pencil and paper at our astonished friend, and politely asked if he would like to sign a petition against further atom-bomb tests. Their playing, the couple claimed, had already snared a dozen signers. Our friend obligingly signed, and the couple took up positions for the next roundelay.



"*Now they're talking!*"


CAFÉ DE LA PAIX
Peter Arno

"They say if you sit here long enough, you'll see everybody you know, but I haven't seen old Charlie Aspenwall yet."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

WE were assembled in the Garden Room for the afternoon coffee, and we sat there like people on the stage; the room, with its three walls painted with fluttering cockatoos, was open at the front, and the parkscape lay at our feet beneath the balustrade of the terrace, like a vast auditorium beneath the footlights. Emma had lined up the cups on the side table and was pouring coffee with one hand and milk with the other, both at the same time, and pretending she did not know we were all watching her, when the scullery maid came running up. We could hear the patter of her bare feet on the flagged terrace quite a time before she came into view. She put one arm around the pillar at the entrance as though to steady herself, and said, still struggling with her breath, "The police is here, Madam." She spoke in Bohemian, as did all the ordinary servants at my grandmother's castle in Bohemia.

Emma put down the coffeepot and the milk jug, said, "Tchk, tchk, tchk," and shook her head reprovingly.

My mother said "Oh, my God!" and then added, "I don't mean 'Oh, my God!' because of the police; I mean 'Oh, my God!' because of your servants, Mama. Is this a way to come bursting in? It's disgraceful."

Emma by now had brought the coffee to the table. My grandmother took two lumps of sugar and said, without raising her eyes, "What does he want?"

"He didn't say, Madam," said the scullery maid.

"He shall wait. You may go now." My grandmother stirred her cup in that slow and measured way that made the most trivial of her movements impressive. Emma now did the round, with her small, affected step, balancing a heavy platter effortlessly on the fingertips of one hand, and as I took a slice of the poppyseed roulade, I thought how good it was to have Emma here with us, because she was also part of our polished household in London. None of my grandmother's servants in the castle, with their bare feet and sloppy calico frocks and pudding faces, could compare with her. Emma was an accomplished parlormaid, and I had never known her otherwise. And yet she had grown up in this part of the countryside in Bohemia and had started in the same way as all the other castle servants.

When visitors spoke admiringly of Emma's manner and bearing and her fluent English, my mother invariably pointed out to them that she herself had fashioned Emma into this gem of a maid. It was quite true, of course, that four or five years earlier my mother had brought Emma to London, soon after the First World War, and had trained her in the English ways, but I could never see how my mother could claim all Emma's virtues as her own achievement, considering that Emma was remarkable for her coolheadedness, her lucidity, and her self-discipline—precisely the qualities that my mother lacked. But once the talk had started on these lines, my mother used Emma's excellence as a platform for her own grievances. Emma's case was a proof, my mother said, that she herself was a gifted and efficient woman, and that if she had not had the sheer bad luck to marry so young, she might have developed her gifts. And it was no use saying that she could develop her gifts now, when she was without a husband and on her own again, because my father's death had not been the only tragedy in her life. Hadn't it turned out that he had run through her whole dowry—he, a broker in the City and a member of the Stock Exchange? It was worse than tragic; it was scandalous. And what could a widow do if she was destitute? And how did it help her if she was told twenty times a day that she was young and pretty? She couldn't spend all day and every day in front of the glass looking at herself, could she? No, her life had been wasted through no real fault of her own, and all that was left for her to do now was to spend her time worrying about me and educating me in the proper way. I could never understand why my mother kept harping on this, either, because I usually saw very little of her, and when I did see her, she would be getting dressed for a party, and if I started talking about school, she would cut me short and tell me to look and see if her slip showed below her dress when she sat down.

It was obvious now that my mother was still indignant about the scullery maid, for she said, "Your creatures are all the same, Mama. Always this mad exaggeration. They are never ill—they are always at death's door. And police, indeed! There isn't even one single constable in the village down yonder, but as soon as a flea-bitten gendarme puts his nose inside the place, they make him into an inspector from the Criminal Police. Really, Mama—your servants!"

"What do you expect?" said my grandmother, and she sipped her coffee; her eyes, as always, were hidden under the marmoreal weight of the lids, as though she had seen too much in life and was tired of seeing more.

"Can't I go and find out what he wants?" I asked.

"Not yet," said my grandmother. "Give him time. It says in the Bible, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that does the threshing.' "

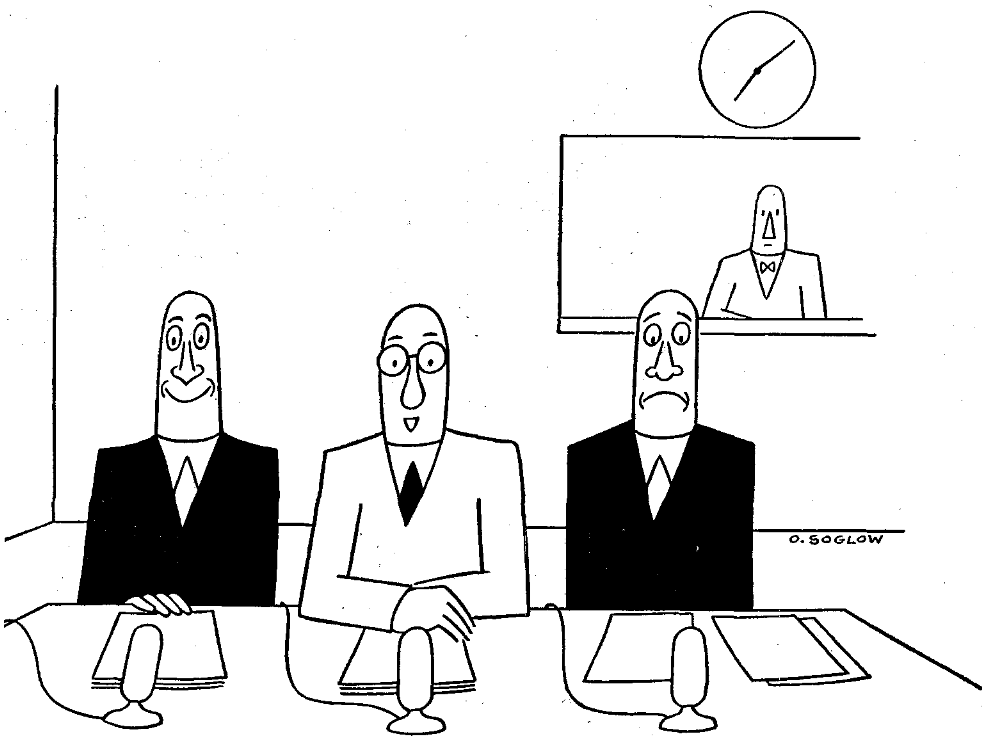
"That's very nice," said my mother, "as long as the ox does not get the newly baked cake. And we'll be lucky if we get it stale tomorrow. Really, Mama—your servants!"

"You are repeating yourself," remarked my grandmother.

MY mother was quite right, though. The cook had a magnetic personality, and everything in uniform, whether coachman, postman, or fireman, was drawn to her like a fly to a honeypot. The gendarme would now be in the kitchen feasting on coffee and cake. As I watched my mother sitting there, biting her lips and frowning into her cup, I thought how queer it was that she was always finding fault with the servants when we came to stay at my grandmother's castle, and how it never got her anywhere, and how she went on and on with her faultfinding just the same.

There was, for example, Holoubek, the night watchman. He presented himself at the castle every day at dusk with his dog and his gun, and his supper contained in a nest of aluminum dishes. Immediately after nightfall, he ate his meal in the sentry box by the front gate, which was surmounted by two stone poodles. Then he smoked his pipe, shooed the dog under a table, and fell asleep in his chair. Like all night watchmen, he had the gift of being able to sleep in the most uncomfortable positions. At dawn, he would relate his dreams to one of the stable lads, and go home. When my mother tried to scold Holoubek for his easygoing habits, he told her that he did not really sleep at night; he was merely shamming sleep, he said, for this was the surest way to catch a thief. When my mother complained about him to my grandmother, she was told that Holoubek was an old man and had to make his living somehow. Would my mother like him to starve?

There was also Kucera, the head gardener. He suffered from what my mother called "roseitis"—an obsession with roses so severe that if one of us wanted a rose from the garden, we had to apply to Kucera and then wait, sometimes for days, until he came to a decision about which rose he could bear to part with. When my mother told him one day to weed the pond, because it



"And now for the cheerful side of the news!"

was a breeding place for midges, which now swarmed so thickly that one could not have a meal in the open without being stung to death, Kucera declared you couldn't really blame the midges for finding Madam so appetizing. He pointed out that while Madam was having her meal, the midges were having their meal off Madam, and added that this was called the balance of nature. When my mother said, on another occasion, that the lawns were never mowed and looked a disgrace, Kucera replied that any fool could mow the grass, but look at our exotic trees, the likes of which could not be found anywhere else in the whole of Europe.

The cook also shared the calm, matter-of-fact independence peculiar to the castle servants. If my mother complained about a dropped soufflé or a batch of heavy doughnuts, the cook said there was no denying it but how could it be otherwise, seeing that the White Lady had been walking again and had looked over her shoulder and chilled the dough? Surely it was better, the cook said, to have the doughnuts blighted than to have a disaster fall upon the gentry, which might well happen if the spectral lady overheard Madam speaking about her slightingly. When this was related to my grandmother, she told my mother that the cook was only expressing herself in a fanciful way, and that of course the kitchen was by no means ideal, and, anyway, the whole castle was terribly drafty.

This sort of servants' talk was much more attractive to me than the conversations of my family; so now, when my grandmother at last told me to run along to the kitchen and ask what the gendarme wanted, I hurried off eagerly. As I entered the kitchen, I saw a dust-green cape flung over the bench by the coal range. The gendarme had placed his cap on the window sill among the jam jars and chive pots, and as soon as he caught sight of me, he stood up, grabbed his cap, put it on his head, and saluted so smartly that a strip of yellow flypaper suspended from the ceiling and covered with dead flies started to swing. I nodded, much pleased. It was good to be twelve years old. If this had happened two years before, the gendarme would not have bothered to greet me with such respect.

"Gracious Miss," he said, "I beg respectfully to have wished you a good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," I said.

"It's on account of the parcel," he said. "I have taken the liberty to bring it."

"Why?" I asked. "Is the postman ill?"

"God forbid, Miss. He is well. That is, he was when I last saw him. That is to say—"

"That's right," said the cook. "You never know. Today with cheeks so red, tomorrow cold and dead." She shook her head over her folded hands, and the gendarme looked down at his boots.

After he had thus paid tribute to the cook's dark wisdom, he brightened up. "It's on account of the stamps on the parcel—French stamps from France. I was passing, like, and thinking maybe they could be spared. In all due respect, that is to say."

"Where is the parcel?" I asked.

"I had it put in the Saints' Room," said the cook.

"Wait," I said. "I'll ask. I'll be back in a minute."

"And above all," said the cook, "don't rush, Miss Edith. A lady always walks nice and slow, even when the house is on fire."

"One more thing, gracious Miss," said the gendarme, and he produced a paper from his cartridge case. "If you would just sign that it's been received in good order, like."

"But can I sign it? For whom is the parcel?"

"It's for Mr. Frederick," said the cook, "and how could he sign it, seeing that he arrives tomorrow? You sign, Miss Edith—you are of the gentry, same as your Uncle Frederick."

I signed the paper and went to the Saints' Room to find Uncle Frederick's package. Although the Saints' Room was considered one of the glories of the castle, it was as dark and damp as all the other rooms in the place. It derived its name from the ceiling, which was painted with saints and angels. The saints were blowing trumpets and the angels were strewing roses, and their baroque activities were cut short below the cornice by a wallpaper made to look like tooled leather, which, in turn, was bordered by dark-brown paint. Holes in the worn linoleum on the floor revealed patches of parquet inlaid with a pattern of arabesques. I remembered that my mother had once used the condition of the Saints' Room as an excuse for one of her tirades against the absent Uncle Frederick. "You can thank the Lord that the Saints' Room is in the rotten state it is in," she had said, "or my precious art-dealer brother would have ripped it out by now and sold it." And when I started to giggle, she had grown annoyed. "Yes, it's quite true," she said. "Frederick is so clever he'll turn anything into cash, even if it means taking the ceiling from above our heads and the floor from beneath our feet. With him, it's all money and success. And the rest can go hang."

I looked about in the gloom of the

Saints' Room until I found the parcel, on a rickety bamboo table standing amidst a group of dusty wicker chairs, and then I carried it to the Garden Room, where my grandmother was laying out a game of patience. I delivered the gendarme's message, and she said, "He shall have those stamps, if he has taken the pains to come all this way from the village in the heat." She opened her lorgnette, and we both looked at the parcel.

"Grandmama," I said, "did you notice? It's addressed to Uncle Frederick, and it's written by Uncle Frederick himself."

"So it is," said my grandmother.

"But why? Do you think he is mad?"

"I assure you, you need have no fears on that account," said my grandmother.

"But why did he do it?"

"No doubt he has his reasons. Now cut the stamps out nicely, and after you have given them to the man, you can put the parcel in Frederick's room."

"Where will he sleep?" I asked.

"They are getting the Blue Room ready, I believe." My grandmother shut the lorgnette and turned back to her patience.

The Blue Room was known by this name because there was a black wardrobe in it that the servants called blue, in the same way that a brown fox is called a "blue fox" and a brown setter a "red setter." The Blue Room was the most isolated room in the castle, off at the end of the Gothic library wing, which my great-grandfather had added to the main baroque body. My great-grandfather's two favorite sayings had been "When one has decided upon being a horse, one must trot" and "One should spend all one's money on being a rich man," and both maxims had helped him to build and furnish the library, which showed his determination to be as thoroughly Gothic as a rich and purposeful man can be. The central table was octagonal, to go with the octagonal walls. Around it there were eight chairs, fashioned like thrones, with arched and pointed backs padded with dark-blue velvet. The bookshelves rose to the ribbed, vaulted ceiling and received a measure of daylight from the three windows, also arched and pointed, which were each subdivided into triplets of smaller arched and pointed windows, and were draped in dark-blue velvet. The Blue Room was a mere annex to this splendor, probably planned in the beginning to serve as a librarian's study. A librarian would have been useless, of course, because my great-grandfather had stopped being Gothic when it came to the main purpose of his creation, and had filled the shelves with old account books, old timetables, and seed catalogues.

When I got to the Blue Room, I found Emma on her knees in front of the marble-topped washstand, tacking a sheet of sprigged paper into the bottom drawer. "Dear me," she said. "Have we been mooning about in that moldy library instead of going for a walk in the nice fresh air?"

"Grandmama sent me up."

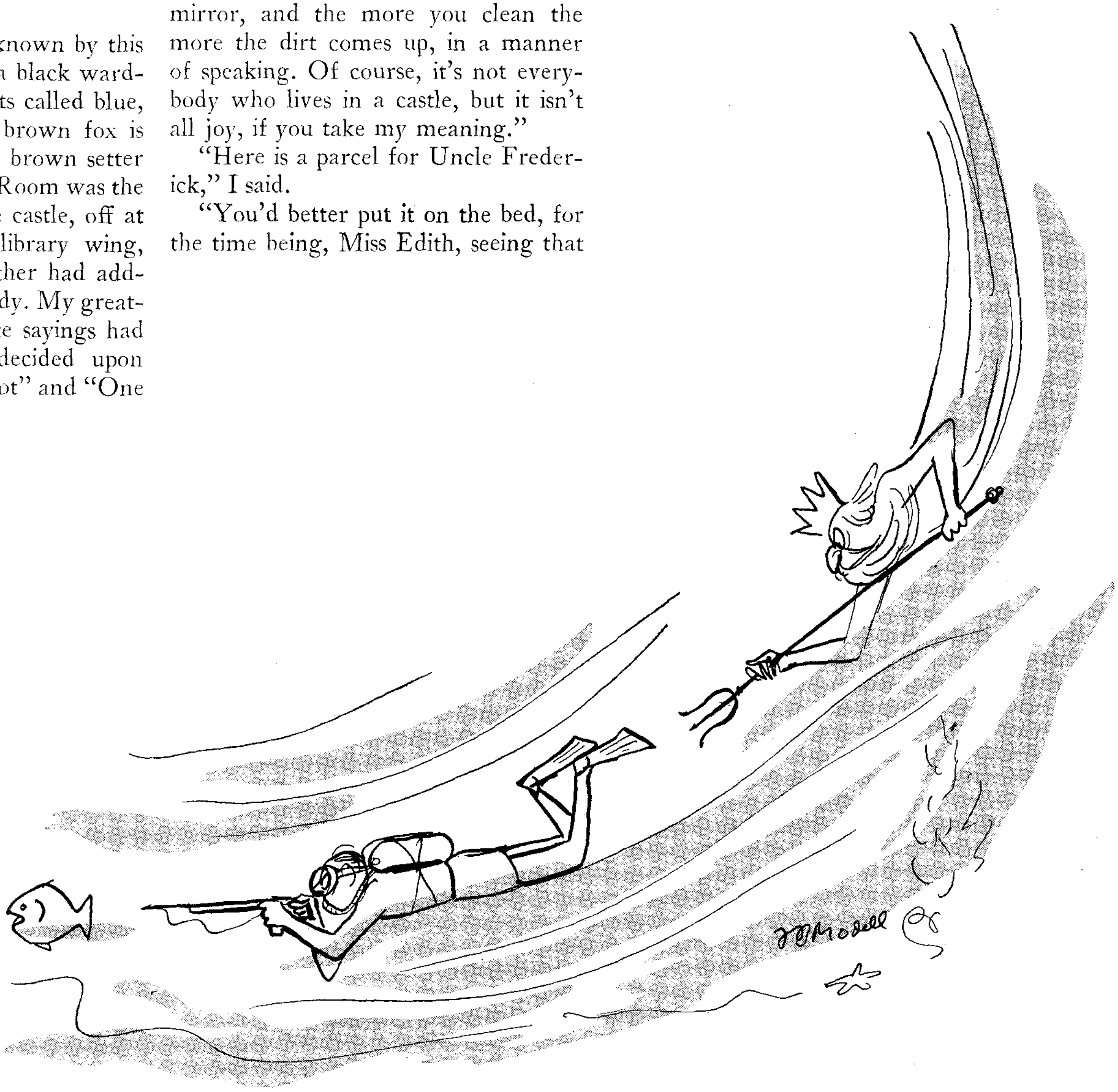
"Oh, she did, did she? Well, it's a blessing she sent you up now and not before, or you wouldn't have found your way in for all the cobwebs in the place. And when it isn't the spiders it's the dead flies, but they didn't die before leaving their visiting cards on every mirror, and the more you clean the more the dirt comes up, in a manner of speaking. Of course, it's not everybody who lives in a castle, but it isn't all joy, if you take my meaning."

"Here is a parcel for Uncle Frederick," I said.

"You'd better put it on the bed, for the time being, Miss Edith, seeing that the place hasn't been dusted yet—not that it will make much difference when it is. Dear me, and your Uncle Frederick always so particular and just so. Still, it's his home, or used to be, in the old days."

I had always found it hard to think of Uncle Frederick growing up in the castle. Truthfully, I could not picture him growing up in any place. He was a man of the big world—buying and selling pictures, always moving about, at home everywhere and nowhere.

I laid my arms on the splintered window sill and looked out. Below me, the sunken rose parterre, with its flower beds enclosed by low-trimmed box, spread its neat scrollwork of bright red and dark green, and the double flight of steps curving down to it from the terrace gleamed like a ribbon of white satin. Beyond it, the park—always dark, always as though dipped in evening shadow—stretched as far as the eye could see: untidy, majestic, tangled, and immense. And I thought that the rose parterre was like my mother—well groomed and pleasing and pretty, and easy to take in at a glance—and that



the park was like my grandmother—inscrutable and impressive.

"Emma," I said, "Uncle Frederick has a flat in Paris—you know that. And he has sent a parcel from himself in Paris to himself here, if you know what I mean."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because the address is in his own handwriting," I said.

"Ah," said Emma, and she picked up the parcel. "It's square and flat, you see, and up here it says 'Contents: A picture,' and above that something like it again, which will mean the same in French, I take it. So that explains it, seeing that your uncle deals with art."

"But if he is coming here from Paris," I asked, "why shouldn't he take it along with him?"

"Dear me, Miss Edith. Because he didn't want the customs poking their noses into his business. Mr. Frederick being such a gentleman and always so beautifully turned out and seeming like he had a flunky always at his elbow, they'd think straightaway it was something valuable, and pounce on it. Whereas this here parcel looks grubby, and not even a dog would think it worth his while to come out from behind the stove to take a sniff at it." As I continued to stare at Emma, she added, "But mind you don't remark on it when he comes tomorrow, or he'll be as mad as a grasshopper, seeing that he likes being discreet about his doings."

CALENTURE

He never lives to tell,
but other men bring back the tale

of how, after days of gazing at the sea
unfolding itself incessantly and greenly—
hillsides of water crested with clouds of foam—
heavy with a fading dream of home,
he climbs aloft one morning and, looking down,
cries out at seeing a different green,
farms, woods, grasslands, an extending plain,
hazy meadows, a long tree-fledged horizon,
swallows flashing in the halcyon sun,
his ship riding in deep rippling grain,
the road well-known to him, the house, the garden,
figures at the gate, till, dazed by his passion,
he suddenly climbs down and begins to run.
Stunned by his joy, the others watch him drown.

Such calenture, they say,
is not unknown in lovers long at sea,

yet such a like fever did she make in me,
this green-leaved summer morning, that I,
seeing her confirm a wish made lovingly,
felt gate, trees, grass, birds, garden glimmer over,
a ripple cross her face, the sky quiver,
the cropped lawn sway in waves, the house founder,
the light break into flecks, the path shimmer,
till, seeing her eyes clear and true at the center,
I walked toward her on the flowering water.

—Alastair Reid

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ON the following day Uncle Frederick was due to arrive in time for luncheon, and at half past twelve the cook sent up a girl to say that she was not complaining, she merely wanted to know. At a quarter to one, she sent word that it was well known that warmed-up food had no goodness left in it. At one o'clock, she sent a message saying that we were all in the hands of God, and if Mr. Frederick had met with an accident it was no use starving in the meantime, considering that even at funerals people got something to eat.

"Tell her to put the soup on the table," said my grandmother.

There were two dining rooms—one for everyday and one for guests—and while Emma had had the table laid in the everyday one, I saw that she had put on white gloves, instead of simply draping a napkin over one hand, as she usually did. As soon as we had started on the soup, there was a commotion outside and Uncle Frederick appeared in the doorway, followed at once by three of the servant girls, who rushed up from behind, fell on their knees in front of him, and began kissing his hands.

"Shoo, shoo! Away with you!" said Uncle Frederick. He bowed toward my grandmother, and said, "I kiss your hand, Mama."

"It is good to find you looking so well," said my grandmother. "As you see, we did not wait for you. Please be seated."

"You are late," said my mother.

"Do you have to tell me? Do you think I can't read the clock, or what?" said Uncle Frederick, sitting down.

"Your train wasn't late, was it?" asked my mother.

"Ha," said Uncle Frederick. "Salt, please."

"The carriage must have been on time," continued my mother. "Actually, Prochazka must have got to the station a good twenty minutes before the train."

"Can we never get a free-running salt in this place?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"Or was there something wrong with the horses?" asked my mother.

"If so, the horses did not say," said Uncle Frederick.

"In that case, I can't think what made you so late," said my mother.

"We all know that you can't think," said Uncle Frederick, "but it is good to hear you say so yourself once in a while. Ah, you keep me young."

We had clear soup accompanied by pastry half moons stuffed with meat, and Uncle Frederick asked for two more, saying they could be worse. Then we had French beans with breadcrumbs and melted butter.

"Edith," said my mother, "when you have troubled to take your elbow out of the butter dish, perhaps you will be good enough to pass it to your uncle." My elbow had been nowhere near the butter, but I knew that it was no use protesting; my mother was annoyed by Uncle Frederick's disregard for her questions, and she was using me as a lightning conductor for her vexation. I picked up the butter dish, walked around to Uncle Frederick's place, and dropped a curtsy.

"Ha, charming," he said. "What could be more delightful? Gleaming crystal and sparkling silver." It was true, of course, that the butter dish was of pressed glass and had a lid of tarnished pinchbeck with one hinge broken. This was Uncle Frederick's way of saying so.

The beans were followed by a saddle of roast veal in paprika sauce and by potato cakes and cucumber salad. Uncle Frederick devoted himself to these in silence while my mother discoursed on Prochazka's habit of falling asleep on the box when driving across country and how it was no use anyone's saying it did not matter because the horses knew the way. This in itself would not be so bad, she said, if the horses did not stop at every tavern on the highroad, owing to Prochazka's training. Did absolutely everyone have to know that we had a drunkard as coachman?

Then came chocolate pudding baked in the shape of a crown. The cook had piped a trellis of whipped cream over it, and there was more whipped cream in a separate bowl. "Whipped cream," said Uncle Frederick, in the voice of one who has uncovered a plot against his person.

"I can't see what's wrong with it," said my mother.

"Of course you wouldn't, you goose," said Uncle Frederick. "You can never see anything wrong anywhere except where it isn't your business, and one could break ten plates over your head and you'd still be waiting for the eleventh." He took two spoonfuls of pudding and one spoonful of whipped cream, and began to eat in his fastidious, calculating way, putting just the right amount of cream on each morsel of pudding so that he would come to a clean, triumphant finish—unlike me, who always found myself stranded with a chunk of dry pudding left over. "Crude, heavy, and barbaric," he said, between mouthfuls. "In every civilized house that I know, this pudding is served with vanilla sauce. Only here do I find this disgusting aberration of taste."

"Do you have to come here and insult Mama's pudding under her own roof?" said my mother.

"You goose," said Uncle Frederick. "Have I said that the pudding was bad? I was only trying to explain what is fitting and what is not. A flowerpot is a very good thing, too, but you would not wear it as a hat, would you?"

"I might. If it suited me," said my mother.

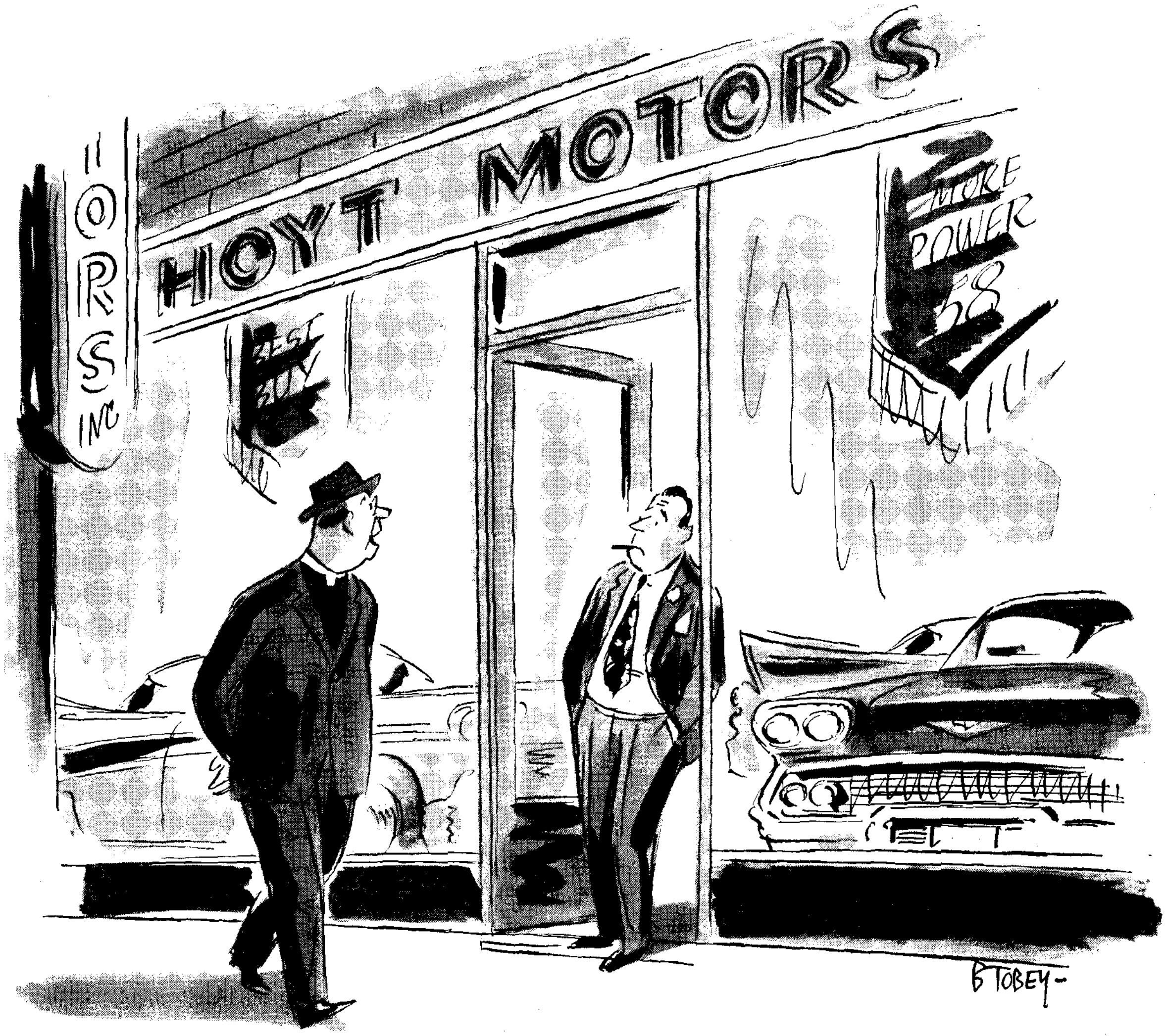
"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick, "and I believe you. Yes, you would wear it on that vain, empty sheepshead of yours."

My grandmother looked up. "That will be sufficient, now," she said. "If you don't stop at once, I will cut you out of my will, both of you." She said this, as always on such occasions, without heat or coldness, as one might say, "Straight up to bed and no sweets for a week," and it was just this absence of fury or contempt that made it so much worse. Now my grandmother rose from the table, and Emma said, "There is black coffee in the Austrian Room, Madam."

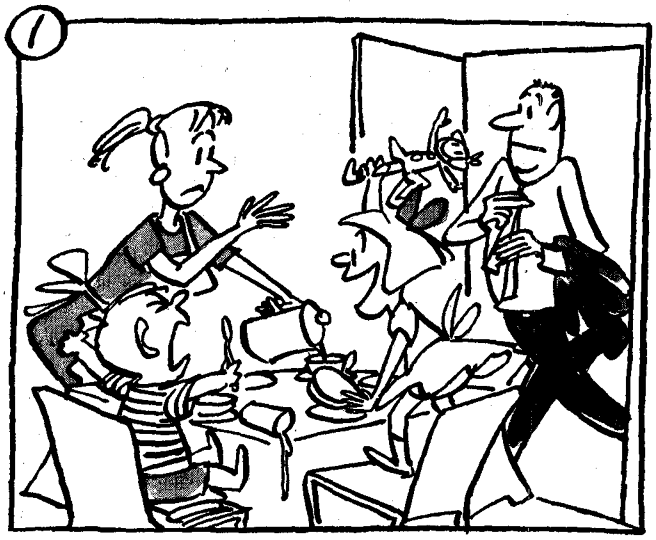
"You have done well," my grandmother said to her, and she gave all of us a cordial nod before retiring for her afternoon rest. She left, trailed by one maid carrying a woollen shawl and by another carrying her needlework and the case that held her patience cards. My grandmother never took black coffee, because of her gout. My mother loved black coffee, but I knew she would renounce it this time, in order to avoid a further clash with her brother.

I decided to follow Uncle Frederick into the Austrian Room. For one thing, I was sure to receive what he called, with impeccable pronunciation, "*un canard*"—a lump of sugar dipped in coffee. Also, I knew that my grandmother's statuesque calm and her pose of hardly ever seeming to notice what went on around her irritated him just as much as my mother's naïve prattle did; now, removed from both, he would be in a fairly peaceful mood.

It was obvious that the Austrian Room had been meant to be the heart of the castle, situated, as it was, on the first floor, with its three windows overlooking the very center of the rose parterre, so that the scrollwork of the flower beds seemed to be converging on it. Its name came from the band of frescoes



"I've been praying for you, Hoyt."



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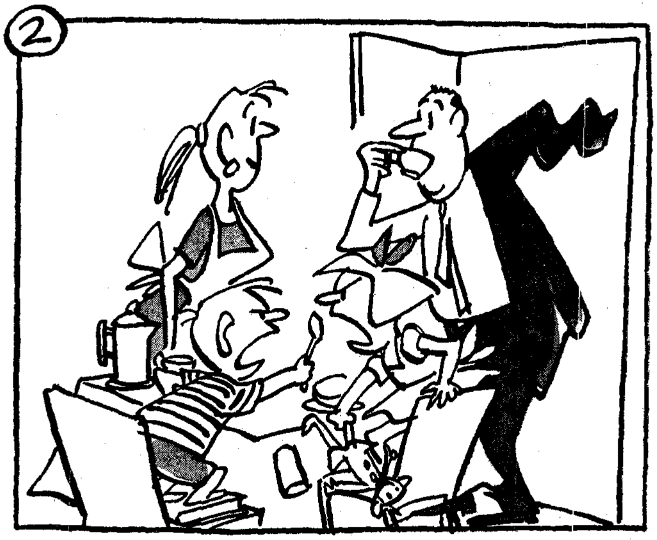

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running around its walls, showing charming vistas of the Salzburg landscape, with blue and snow-topped mountains girdling green hills, and waterfalls cascading down to plains where chalets and flocks of sheep were grouped around the shores of shimmering lakes. It was all done with a discreetly glossy finish, as though it had been painted on dull silk. This rococo decoration had been discovered accidentally, shortly before my great-grandfather's death, when workmen scraped off the old wallpaper and the layers of paint beneath it in order to carry out some repairs. I imagined that my great-grandfather, had he lasted longer, might have lived up to his favorite sayings and furnished the Austrian Room entirely with Louis Quinze pieces. But when I had aired this view in the kitchen one day, the cook reproved me. "What ever for, Miss Edith?" she asked. "Seeing that madam your grandmother's family was never related to that King Louis."

Uncle Frederick led the way into the Austrian Room, followed by me and by Emma, who was carrying the coffee tray. "Right by this window, Emma, do you hear?" said Uncle Frederick. "This view on the park could be a lot worse, as views go; you can take my word for it."

Emma placed a bamboo table in front of Uncle Frederick's seat—one of a pair of wicker chairs with openwork backs shaped like peacock's fans. Like most of the furniture in the castle, they looked as though they had been wrought by a team of crazy and anemic spiders. Emma had managed to find a cup and saucer without a chip or crack, and she set them out reverently, as though handling museum pieces. "To be sure, sir," she said. "There is nothing more picturesque than the greenery and the roses."

"Quite," said Uncle Frederick. "And it isn't only picturesque; it is also very easy to see—the roses and the stuff and the what-have-you. Do you understand? But what is less picturesque and less easy to see is the mortgage on this blasted place." A mortgage, I knew, was money, but in a queer way; it was good when one gave it to others and bad when one had it oneself. Emma obviously knew this, too, because she drew a breath through her teeth, shook her head, and said, "Tchk, tchk, tchk." Then, while pouring the coffee, she added, "I trust this will be all right, sir. The cook made it double strong." This was the truth. All the servants always went to special trouble for Uncle Frederick's sake. I could never understand why, for he was exacting, demanding, and downright unpleasant. But this very unpleasantness of his seemed to spur them on, and the nastier he was, the more the cook would indulge him. "A real gentleman, if there ever was one," she would say. "He makes his presence felt."

I thought now was the time to bring myself to Uncle Frederick's notice. I said, "Uncle, your picture arrived yesterday. And please can I have a *canard*?"

He gave me a suspicious look. "How do you know it's a picture?" he asked.

"Because it says so on the wrapper, twice over. In French, too. I could read it both ways."

"Is that so? In French? You fascinate me. In that case, you shall have two *canards*." And he dipped a lump of sugar into the black coffee and fed it to me, as one would feed a dog.

"Would you care to have it brought down, sir?" asked Emma, in her most devoted voice. Unlike my mother, Emma was a master at disguising her curiosity with what seemed to be nobler feelings.

"Roll it on," said Uncle Frederick.

I crunched my sugar and watched as he drank his coffee in small, fastidious gulps. From time to time, he passed a hand over his head and looked around in a preoccupied way. "That's the joy of living in the blasted country," he said at last. "First I go to the stationmaster to see about the picture, and he dusts the whole place with his red flag and then he says he thinks he's handed it over to the post office. Then I go there, out of my way, and the floozy tells me she's given it to the postman. Then I can't get hold of the postman, because he's gone off somewhere on his own, and Mrs. Postman says she never set eyes on a parcel. And in the end Prochazka, the old fool, wakes up, because the horses are getting perky, and tells me the gendarme took it along, because it was on his way and because he fancied the stamps."

"Yes, that's right," I said. I felt pleased that I now knew the reason for Uncle Frederick's late arrival, and that he had told me and not my mother, in spite of all her questioning.

Emma returned. Immaculate and thoughtful as always, she had not only placed the parcel on the Persian silver tray but laid a pearl-handled knife beside it. At a nod from Uncle Frederick, she cut the string, ripped off the wrappings, and stood the painting against a vase on a table. It was a tiny picture of a meadow growing red grass, with some green blotches that looked like trees.

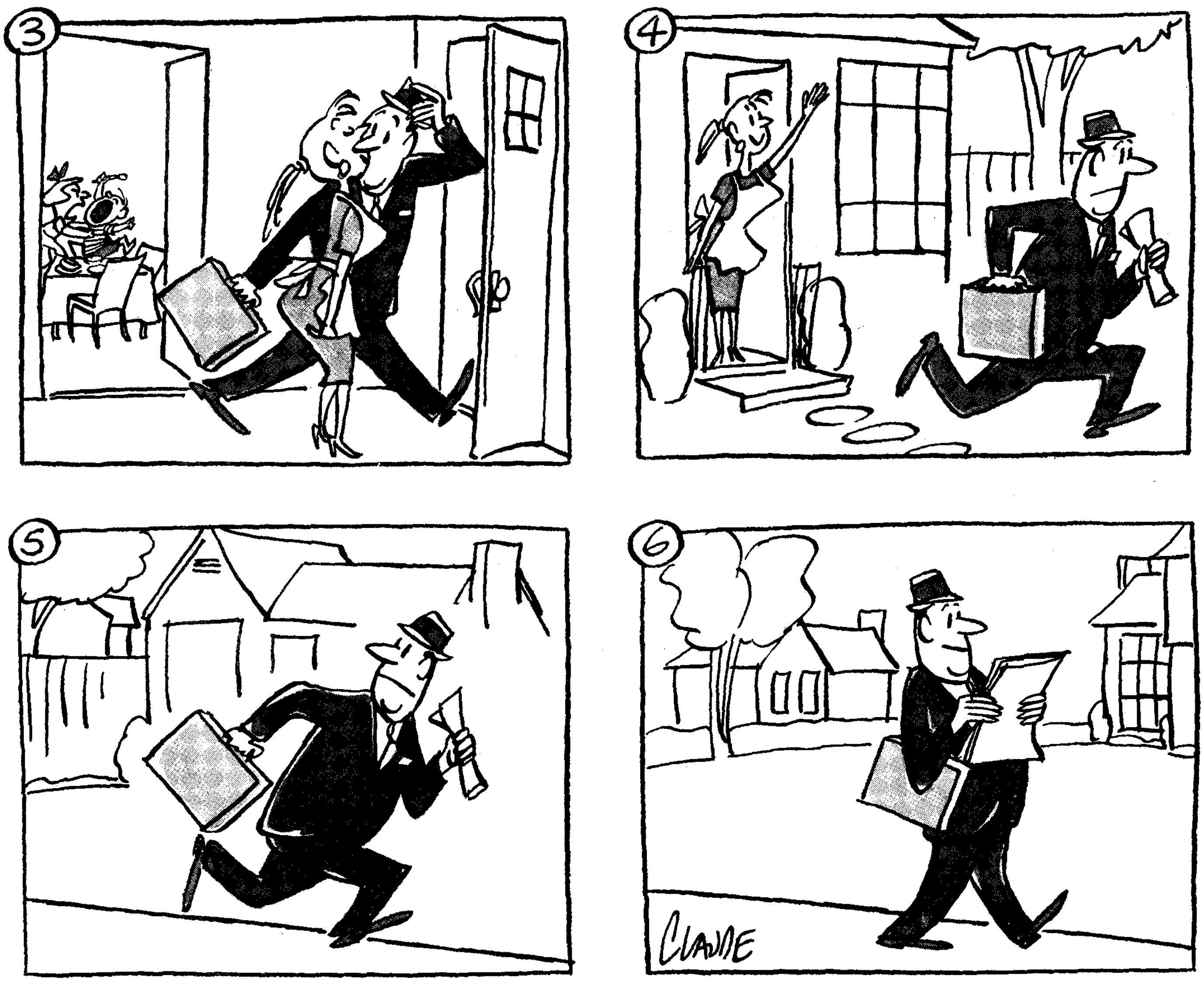
"Ha," said Uncle Frederick. "A lovely little Renoir, if there ever was one. As fresh as a flower with the dew on it." He threw us both a suspicious glance. "Do you like it?"

"It isn't for me to say, sir," remarked Emma.

"Edith, do you like it?"

"No," I said.

"My God, how right you are!" said Uncle Frederick. "Neither do I."



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I was not surprised to hear this. I had known already that the picture was no good, because Uncle Frederick had praised it. Praise from him was always a bad sign, as in the case of the butter dish at luncheon.

"Here—this is your second installment," said Uncle Frederick, and he gave me another *canard*. His promises were always to be relied upon, whereas my mother would promise me something and then forget, and when I reminded her she would tell me to stop pestering and to leave her in peace.

Now, just as I thought of her, my mother came in. "Emma, I've been looking for you all over the place," she said. "And what is going on in here? Edith, must you slop about in this stuffy room? Why don't you go out into the nice fresh air?"

I knew that if I did not distract my mother's attention at once, I would be sent out into the nice fresh air and would miss the storm that would soon be raging between these two.

"Uncle Frederick is showing us a picture," I said. "It's a bad Renoir."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Edith," said my mother. She sank down in the other peacock chair. "God knows that I don't pretend to know much about art, but even I know that there is no such thing as a bad Renoir."

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick. "But merely in order to enlighten you, you goose, let me tell you that this Renoir is perfectly fragrant—do you hear? It stinks to high heaven."

"But then I don't understand how . . ." began my mother.

"Ha," said Uncle Frederick. "*Sancta simplicitas*. But more *simplicitas* than *sancta*, needless to say. What sort of a picture do you expect when you think that Renoir was crippled at the end of his days and that he painted with his nurse guiding his brush? Was he going to produce a good picture that way, I ask you, you goose?"

"Ha, ha!" cried my mother, rubbing her hands together as though warming them over an exceedingly pleasant fire. "This is rich! This is perfectly wonderful! I mean to say, of course, that it's very sad—perfectly and wonderfully sad, when I come to think of it—that you go out and buy a Renoir and then it turns out this way. But I can't say I'm surprised, really. I suppose these things do happen, even to the best people in the art world, don't they? Or perhaps, I suppose, they don't happen to the very best people—only to the second-raters who think they are tops but aren't, really. I suppose you will be more careful—ha, ha!—next time you buy a picture." It had been a long time since I had seen my mother so happy over anything.

"Have you quite finished with your idiotic supposing this and supposing that?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"You are screamingly funny!" said my mother. "First you make a capital mistake and then it's me who is the idiot. Why can't you just admit for once that—"

"What mistake? Admit what?" said Uncle Frederick. "Have you gone out of your mind? And if this is what you call making a mistake, then let me tell you that I hope to make many more such mistakes in times to come. My bank account shan't suffer from such mistakes, I can assure you."

"But can you sell a thing like this?" asked my mother.

"But can I? Do you think I'm going to keep it for the joy of it, or what? I shall clear five hundred pounds on this if I clear a penny."

At this, my mother's lips started to tremble, and she raised her hands to her face and burst into tears.

"For heaven's sake," said Uncle Frederick. "Here—take my handkerchief. Here, take it, you fool! And, Emma, whistle up some brandy if you can—do you hear?"

"As you say, sir," said Emma, leaving the room with her small step, which was high-spirited and yet controlled, like that of a circus horse. She did not speed up in the slightest degree; there was no upsetting Emma.

"I'll be all right in a minute," said my mother. "It's nothing, really." She spoke with difficulty through the handkerchief muffling her face.

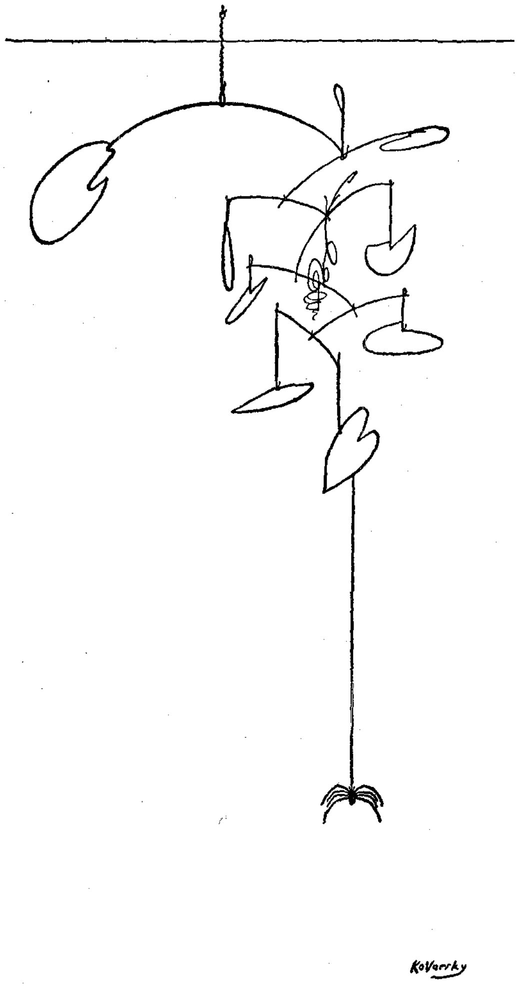
"Rot!" said Uncle Frederick. "Nobody weeps for nothing. Now, what bug has bitten you?"

My mother gave a thorough rub to her eyes. She looked very young at this moment, like a child who has been told not to cry and who stops crying in order to please the grownups. "It's just silly," she said.

"It's bound to be silly," said Uncle Frederick, "considering that it's something to do with you. Now spit it out, for God's sake."

"It's only that—" began my mother, and once more her lips trembled and once more the tears rolled down her face. This time she seemed in still greater despair, for she did not even trouble to wipe them off. "It's only," she said, "that you are so clever and always on top of the world, and you can even get hold of a bad Renoir and sell it, and I am so stupid and no good at all. And you make money all the time, because you know your way about, and I am nothing and have nothing, and every bite of bread I eat is given me by Mama, and no matter where I am—here or in town or when I travel—it's still all on Mama's money."

"What's so dreadful about that?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Women don't work and they don't make money. And if they do, they are ghastly battle-axes, and who wants to look at them, I ask you? And you are a goose, of course, but very pretty and all that sort of thing, and nobody would want you any different."



"Do you really think so?" asked my mother.

"If I didn't think so, would I say it? Do you think I'm a liar, or what?"

My mother opened her tortoise-shell powder box and fluffed the swan's-down. She said, "You just get me down when you are here, making me feel so dreadful because you are so clever, but then when you are gone, I forget what you are like till the next time."

"That's big of you," said Uncle Frederick. "Most obliged, I'm sure."

But I could see by the way my mother was frowning and blinking and delaying the application of the powder to her face that she had not yet finished with her grievance.

"You know, it's queer," she said. "It always depresses me like this when I am staying here with Mama—about being useless and good for nothing, I mean. And it isn't Mama, of course, because she is always kind, and never a word of reproach that I am like a piece of lead around her neck, and don't think that I don't know it. But I walk all day through the rooms and through the park, and nobody takes any notice of me and nobody respects me. And if I ever want a thing done, it is never done, and if I say something, it's like throwing a stone into the pond—it just sinks down and is never seen again."

"Well, what do you expect?" said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think the stone should jump out of the pond, or what?"

"But you know what I mean?" asked my mother.

"Ha," said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think I am a fool, or what?"

"And what makes it so much worse," said my mother, "is that I watch Mama sitting there all day long looking like her own statue, and she never gets put out and she never makes a fuss, and all is done as she wants it, and I get hot and bothered and it never gets me anywhere."

"Once a goose always a goose," said Uncle Frederick. "If it is a consolation, let me tell you that Mama is just as inefficient as you are. And if you think that the servants do what she wants, then let me tell you you are barking up the wrong tree. It's only that she just sits tight and plays dead, the way beetles do, and gives them orders that they have already carried out before she gave them—do you understand? And when I think of how she handles the grounds and the estate, I could weep like a dog when it's full moon. I could howl, I tell you!"

Emma's dainty cough could be heard at the door, and we all turned round. "Begging your pardon for being so long," she said, coming in with a bottle and two glasses on a tray. "But seeing that the cook holds the keys and she having gone to have her nap, I could not manage sooner."

One could depend on Emma. Of course, there was not a word of truth in what she said; she had been listening at the door and had chosen this moment for creating a break.

"I don't want the brandy anyway," said my mother.

"But I do, by God," said Uncle Frederick. "What *is* it, *anyhow*? Home-brewed elderberry, or what?"

"It's an Armagnac, sir—Clos des Ducs."

"You amaze me," said Uncle Frederick. "And look here, Emma, while you are about. This table wobbles, like all the things in this blasted place. And for the time being I'll repair it—do you understand?" And he took out of his wallet a hundred-crown note, folded it four times, and pushed it under the base of the table. This was his way of giving a tip when he was in a good mood.

—Edith Templeton

THE OWL

IN the warm, furry depths of sleep, Henry Collins felt someone clutching his shoulder. As he emerged into consciousness, he heard his wife's voice, quick and frantic, repeating his name.

"Henry!" Laura was saying. "Henry, wake up! *Henry!*"

"All right," Collins muttered. "I'm awake. What is it?"

"Listen!" Laura said. "There it is again!"

"Where's what again?" Collins sat up and opened his eyes, but the room was dark, and he could see only the faint patch of gray that marked the window.

"Listen," Laura said, her voice trembling. "You'll hear it. It's been—*There!*" She slammed her head into her pillow as, from outside, came the hollow, mournful hoot of an owl. Then there was silence, and after a moment Laura jerked herself upright and said, "Please, Henry—please do something *about* it! It's driving me *crazy!*"

"Do something about it?" Collins asked, surprised. "What can I do about it?"

"Get rid of it! Go out there and shoot it, or throw something at it—I don't care what, just so long as you make it go away!"

"Oh, now, really," Collins said. "Get a grip on yourself."

"Henry, I can't!" she cried. "I haven't slept a wink all night. *I'm going to go crazy!*"

The owl hooted again, and, with a sob, Laura hurled herself under the covers and pulled the pillow over her head.

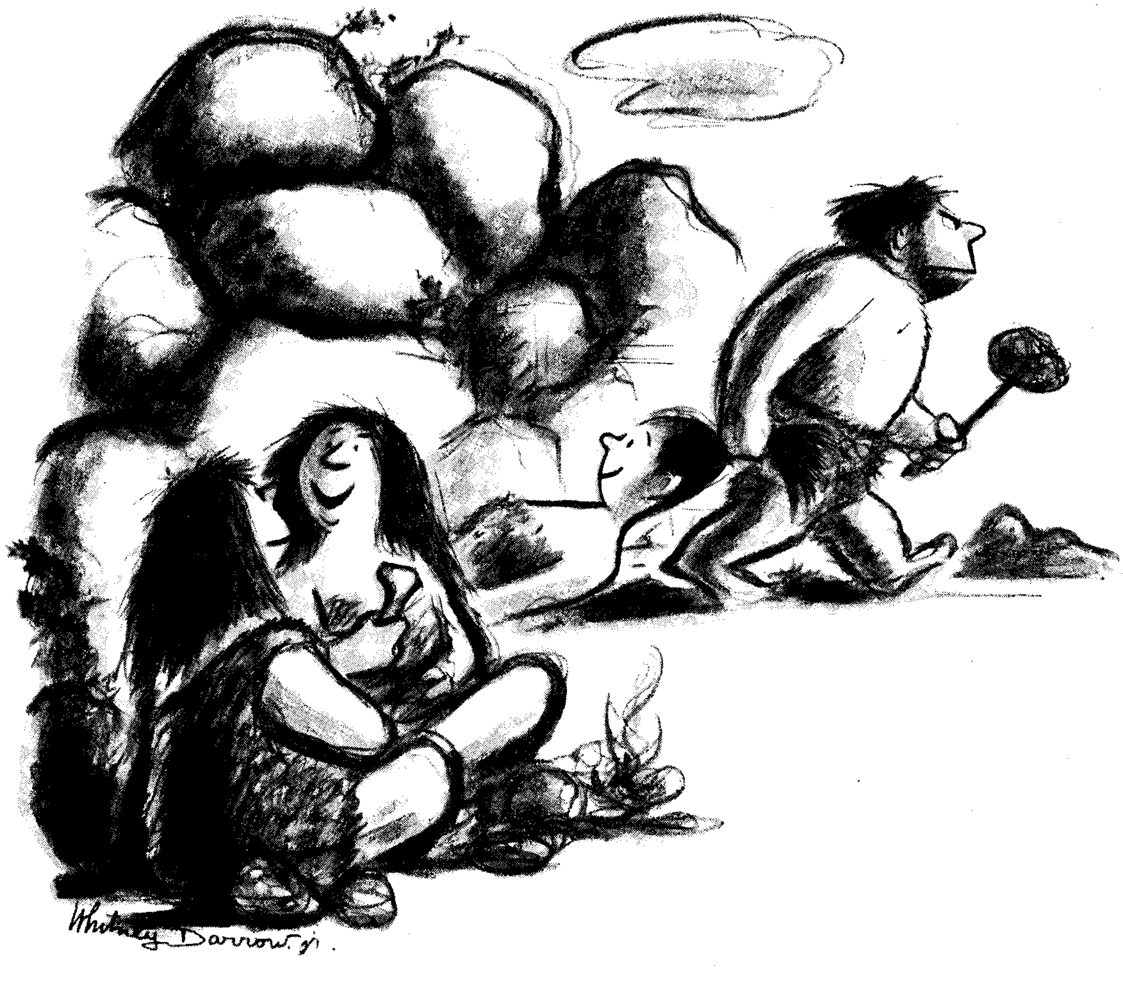
My God, Collins thought. He turned on the bed-table light, then swung his feet over the side of his bed and scuffed them around until he found his slippers. He picked a cigarette from the pack on the table, lighted it, and went to the closet for his dressing gown. As he tied the belt of his gown, he looked at the figure of his wife, huddled under the covers of the other bed. "Have you any thoughts on how I go about this?" he asked. "Do you know any good formula for getting rid of owls?"

There was a strangled grunt from under the covers, and Collins turned and shuffled downstairs, switching on the hall lights as he went. This isn't like her, he thought. I wonder what's got into her recently. Yesterday, she burst into tears for no discernible reason, and now this. I wonder if she's keeping something from me. I wonder if she's got some bad news and doesn't want to tell me about it. God, I hope that isn't it. I'll have a talk with her when I get back upstairs. That *must* be it, though.

When he reached the front hall, he looked about for an implement of some sort. There was the usual assortment of sweaters, magazines, and children's toys, including a tricycle, and as Collins surveyed it all, he wondered idly if ringing the tricycle bell would do any good. I guess not, he thought, and then he saw a football lying in one corner, and he picked that up. With the football, and a flashlight that he found on the hall table, he went outside. As he reached the front walk, the owl hooted again, and there was a faint cry from the bedroom upstairs. It's really got her upset, Collins thought. There'll be no sleep for anybody tonight unless I can get rid of it.

The air was sharp and clear, and Collins tightened his dressing gown around him as he looked up at the big elm tree, from which the sound of the owl had come. The tree was a rustling mass against the cold, starry sky, and its form blended into the silhouettes of the trees around it. Collins shined his flashlight into the branches, but it made only a dim glow. He was quiet for a moment, studying the tree, and then he threw the football up toward the highest branches, as hard as he could. There was a sharp crackle as it sailed into the tree, followed by a rustling and thudding as it bumped from limb to limb toward the ground. It hit the grass, and bounced end over end across the lawn. Collins listened, but could hear nothing else. He hesitated, then yelled "Shoo!" and was startled at how loud his voice sounded. Feeling slightly silly, he walked across the lawn and retrieved the football.

He threw it twice more, from different angles, and then, on the next throw, it lodged in the tree, out of sight among the branches. Well, that takes care of that, he thought. Now what am I supposed to do? He shined the light around the lawn, looking for something else to throw, but he could find nothing, so he


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I told her someday the right man would come along."

THE RADIO UNDER THE BED

Why was a radio sinful? Lord knows. But it was.
So I had one
That I kept locked in a strongbox under my bed
And brought forth, turned on, tuned, and fondled at night,
When the sneaky housemaster slept and vice was all right.

The music played in my ear from the Steel Pier,
Knob Hill, the Astor, and other housemasterless
Hebrides where (I heard) the loved lived it up.
I listened myself to sleep, the sweet saxes
Filtering into my future, filling my cup.

All prohibitions have vanished. Radios bore me,
As do the two-step debauches I used to crave.
But the songs still remain, the old vulgar songs, and will play me,
Tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum, into my grave.

—Reed Whittemore

• •

directed the beam back at the tree, and bobbed it across the branches. Suddenly, he saw two pinpoints of light, shining greenly from the leaves.

"Hey!" Collins shouted. "Shoo! Scram! Go on—get out of here! Whoosht!"

He jumped up and down and whistled, but the eyes continued to stare at him, coldly reflecting the beam of the flashlight. In a frenzy of excitement, Collins rushed to the driveway and picked up a handful of gravel, then came back and hurled it at the branches, shouting. He went to the driveway for more gravel, but when he returned to the tree the eyes had gone, and the tree loomed dark and quiet above him. Just for good measure, he threw the gravel into the tree, and then he turned and walked into the house.

When he got upstairs, he took off his dressing gown, and went and sat on the edge of Laura's bed. She was quiet, staring at the ceiling. "All right," Collins said. "It's gone."

"Thank you," she replied, without looking at him.

There was a pause. "Will you tell me something?" he asked.

"What?" Her voice was dull and lifeless.

"What's worrying you?"

She turned her eyes toward him. "Nothing. Why?"

"Something must be wrong. You don't usually get upset this easily."

"You try going to sleep with an owl hooting in your ear, and see how *you* like it."

"It's not only the owl, it's a lot of things. Yesterday, you burst into tears for no reason at all, and then—"

"I told you, I burned my hand on the stove."

"It couldn't have been all that bad. It didn't raise a blister."

"No, it wasn't a first-degree burn, but I was tired, and it hurt, and I cried. Aren't I allowed to cry if I feel like it?"

He thought for a moment. "That's not the point," he said. "It just doesn't sound like you. I wish, if there's something worrying you, you'd tell me, because—"

"Nothing's worrying me!" she said loudly. "I'm *fine*! I'm *great*! I haven't a worry in the world! Now, please, let's turn out the light and see if we can't get a little sleep!"

He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "O.K.," he said, and then stood up. "But will you promise me, if anything *does* worry you, that you'll tell me about it?"

There was a long pause, and then she said, "All right. Anything, just so long as I can get to sleep."

He got into bed and turned out the light, and as he lay there in the darkness he could hear her stirring fitfully, in short, jerky motions, and he knew that she was nowhere near asleep. He listened to her for a long time before his mind would let him relax enough to go to sleep himself.

Collins slept on the commuter train the next morning, but it didn't do him much good. At times, during the day, he thought about Laura, and he tried to rid himself of the nagging conviction that she was shielding him from some sort of bad news. I'll have to be careful about asking her again, he thought. I'll have to do it so delicately that she won't suspect I'm doing it, or she'll fly off the handle and I won't get anywhere. I'll have to be as subtle about it as I can.

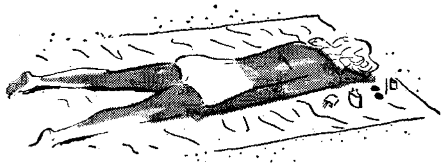
That evening, when he got home, he noticed that Laura's car was not in the garage. He dropped his newspaper in the front hall and went into the kitchen, where the maid was preparing supper for the children.

"Did Mrs. Collins leave any message, Lottie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Lottie replied. "She says she's taking cocktails with the Nielsons, and for you to join her there when you get in."

"Oh," said Collins. "Thanks."

He went upstairs, washed his face and put on a sports shirt, then came down and got into his car and drove to the Nielsons' house.



Laura and the Nielsons were on the side porch when he arrived. Laura was wearing a blue-and-yellow dirndl dress, and was sitting next to Mark Nielson, with her feet crossed on the coffee table. My, but she looks pretty, Collins thought. I guess she must have slept late; she looks about fifteen years younger than I feel. If there's anything worrying her, it certainly doesn't show now.

Nielson waved to him from the porch. "Come on in!" he yelled. "We're waiting for the latest reports from the owl front."

They all laughed, and as Collins went onto the porch and sat down, Marabelle Nielson said, "Is it true? Did you really succeed in *talking* that owl out of the tree?"

"Well, not quite," Collins replied, with a smile. "I threw a few things, too."

"I think it's the most priceless thing I ever heard," Marabelle said. "The picture of you out there, all naked and everything."

"Hey, wait a minute," Collins said. "I was nothing of the sort. I had on pajamas, slippers, and a dressing gown." He turned to Laura. "What kind of story have you been feeding these people?" he asked.

She giggled. "Well, you can't deny that you were funny," she said. "You should have heard yourself. 'Scram!' 'Whoosht!'" She broke off and started laughing, and Nielson also laughed.

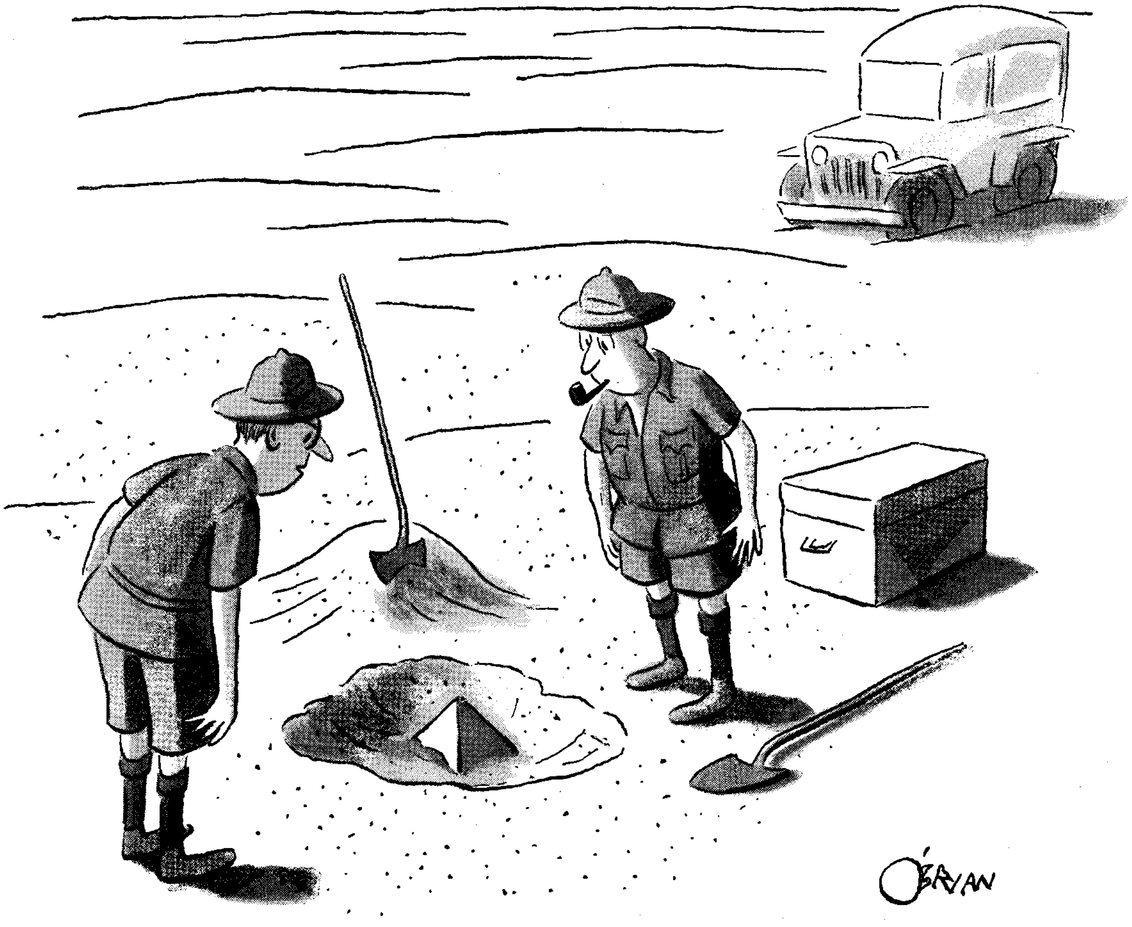
Then Nielson rose, and said to Collins, "What would you like—a dark brown, as usual?"

"I guess so," said Collins. "But don't be surprised if it knocks me on my head. I didn't get much sleep last night." Nielson went inside, and Collins looked at

Laura and again remarked to himself how pretty she was, and he noticed how her eyes seemed to sparkle. “You're certainly looking well today,” he said to her. “I gather you finally got some sleep.”

“Oh, yes,” she said. “I feel marvelous. I've had a glorious day.”

“Good!” said Collins. “I'm glad to hear it.”



“This could be the discovery of the century. Depending, of course, on how far down it goes.”

• •

IT was dark by the time the drinks were finished, and Collins glanced at his watch. “Don't you suppose we ought to be going?” he said to Laura. “It's getting on.”

“Oh, stick around,” Nielson said. “It's still early. Think of it—in Denver it's still broad daylight.”

Laura laughed, and then asked Collins, “Are you in any particular rush to get home?”

“Not necessarily,” he said. “It's just that—”

“Listen a minute,” Nielson said, interrupting him. “We've got plenty of food, so why don't we hurl something together and all eat here?”

“Well, thanks anyway, but . . .” Collins hesitated, and then looked at Laura. “What do you think?” he asked.

“Well, I'll be honest with you,” she replied. “I didn't seem to get around to doing the marketing today, so all we have at home is roast-beef hash.”

“That settles it,” said Nielson. “You eat here.”

“But I do feel like being terribly useful,” Laura said. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“No, thanks,” Marabelle said. “I just have to put it into a pot. I was kind of expecting you to stay anyway.”

Laura laughed. “It's nice we all know each other as well as we do,” she said. “Imagine how dreary it would be if we had to wait for formal invitations.”

They ate dinner in the living room. Laura sat on the floor, and laughed and chattered and joked, and Collins could see that she was in a mood to make a long night of it. He could also see, to his great relief, that whatever it was that had been worrying her was apparently completely gone. I'll probably never know what it was, he thought, but I'm certainly glad that it's over and done with. The drinks had revived him somewhat, and Laura's gaiety was infectious, but he was aware that he wasn't going to be able to keep up with her for long. When, after dinner, Nielson got up and put some records on the phonograph, Collins looked at Laura and said, “Sooner or later, I'm afraid I'm going to have to fold. Is that all right with you?”

“We've both got our cars here,” she replied lightly. “You can go whenever you feel like it.”

“Oh, I didn't mean that,” Collins said. “Not right now. It's just that I—well . . .” He left the sentence unfinished, and Laura got up and went over to help Nielson select the records.

They stayed until about midnight, when it became clear that Marabelle was getting sleepy. Nielson protested that it was still early, and said that he felt fine.

“I don't care about the rest of you,” Collins said. “I'm going to bed.”

“It might not be a bad idea, at that,” said Marabelle.

“I want to go dancing,” said Laura. There was a short silence, and then she said, “But that's obviously out of the question, so I shall thank you dears for a lovely meal, and zoom off into the night.”

Everybody said good night all around, and the Collinses got into their separate cars and drove home.

COLLINS was turning out the lights in the living room when the owl hooted. It was not as close as the night before, but Laura, who had started up the stairs, stopped and put her hands over her ears.

“Oh, no!” she cried. “Not again!”

“It's all right,” Collins said, turning out the last light. “He's farther away tonight. He won't bother you.”

“I don't care where he is, I can't stand it!”

Collins looked up the stairs at her. “What's the matter with you, anyway?” he asked. “What's got you so upset again?”

“My God, what do you *think's* got me upset?” she replied. “It's that damned owl!”

“Isn't there something else?”

“No!” she cried. “How many times do I have to tell you? No! No! No!”

The owl hooted again, this time farther off, and Laura sobbed and ran the rest of the way upstairs. Collins followed her slowly, and paused at the head of the stairs for a short while before he flicked out the hall light.

She was almost undressed when he got into the bedroom, and her clothes were strewn about as though she had thrown them at some moving object. Collins surveyed the scene for a moment, then said, "How about a pill? Do you think that might help?"

"I don't care, just so long as I get some sleep," she replied. "Anything would be better than last night—*anything!*"

"Well, let's try a pill," Collins said. "Just to be on the safe side." He went into the bathroom, opened the medicine cabinet, and took down a bottle of red capsules, noticing, as he did, that there weren't many left. Maybe I'd better make it two, he thought, and rolled them out onto his palm. If she's been taking them regularly, then one isn't going to do the trick. I didn't know she'd been taking them at all, though. I thought it was only once or twice a year.

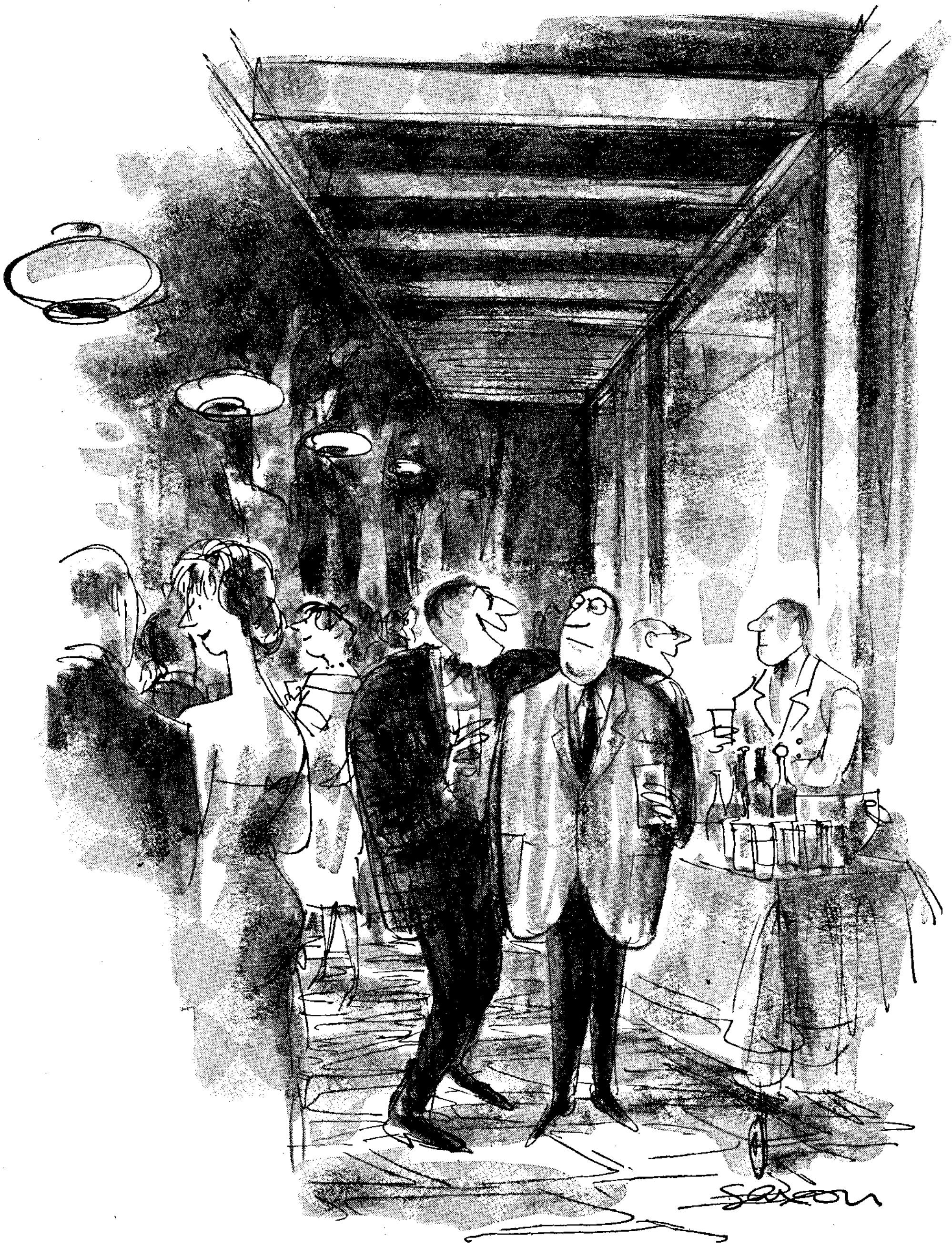
Laura was asleep within fifteen minutes after she took the pills, but Collins, although he was dizzy with fatigue, couldn't find a comfortable position. He turned, he twisted, and he thrashed, but no matter how deeply he burrowed under the covers, his mind remained awake and racing, like a runaway engine. He tried to think what could possibly be her trouble, and the more he thought, the more he came to realize that she had seemed to be depressed, off and on, for a long time. Not really depressed, perhaps; she just had stretches of being moody or preoccupied, and afterward she'd be all right. And what brought on the moodiness? *When* was she moody? At night, mostly, or at the end of the day. Then there had been that time they went to Long Island for the weekend, and for two whole days she hadn't seemed to hear a word that was spoken to her. She'd tried to act as though she were having a good time, but it was obvious that her mind was somewhere else. And she had made a lot of telephone calls, and had never said whom she'd made them to, or what they were about.

But she wasn't *always* that way, he thought. There were times when she was gay and happy and funny—times like tonight at the Nielsons', where everybody had been relaxed and informal. (As Laura had said, "Imagine how dreary it would be if we had to wait for formal invitations.") There had been other such times, too—the Saturday they and the Nielsons had gone to the beach, for instance, and the time they all drove up to Boston for a football weekend. Then she'd been fine, although when they got back, late Sunday night, she had suddenly berated Collins for some trivial offense, and had flung off to bed and left him to unpack the car alone.

But, generally speaking, when they were with the Nielsons, or when they were— Well, *when* else? . . . Collins' mind came abruptly to a stop, and then began to grope, going faster and faster, trying to find other times. But it could find none.

After a while—he didn't know how long—he sat up in bed and reached for a cigarette. He lighted it, then drew his knees up and clasped his arms around them as he smoked. He could hear Laura's deep, steady breathing, and from far away, out the window, he thought he heard the cry of the owl. He listened closely, but he didn't hear it again. Then he reasoned that it didn't make much difference whether he heard the owl or not, because he knew that he wasn't going to sleep that night anyway.

—Nathaniel Benchley



"Hiya, Fletcher. Still nursing the bundle?"

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The Newman Press will continue its publishing well into the summer. May publications not previously announced in "Notes for Booksellers" include the new collection of aphorisms by Henri de Lubac, S.J., Further Paradoxes; A Manual for Novice Mistresses, the latest volume in the "Religious Life Series;" The Gift of God, a guide in devotion to the Holy Spirit, by Msgr. John T. McMahon; and Happiness Through Prayer.—*Newsletter to booksellers from the Catholic Press.*

A well-rounded list, if we do say so.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A BUSINESS

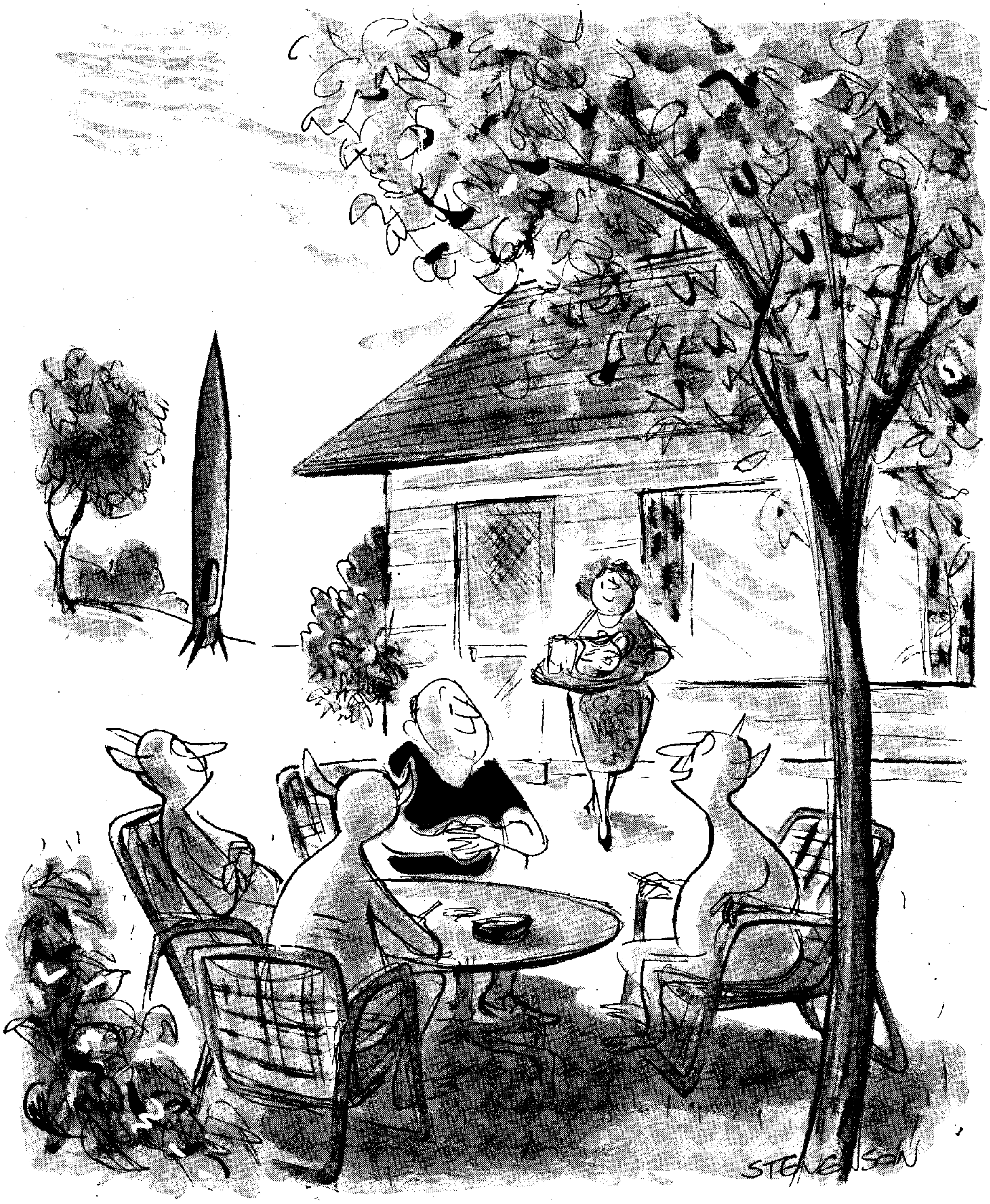
WHILE the rose is only one of a great many things that have changed spectacularly over the last third of a century, it is one of the very few that have changed spectacularly for the better. Every now and then, of course, there may be a cataclysmic turn for the worse in a particular rose bed, but on the whole the fifteen million amateur gardeners in the United States who cultivate the flower—and they constitute more than half the Americans who cultivate any flowers at all—would undoubtedly agree that the rose has come a very long way in a very short time. Among those who cultivate it commercially, the four Perkins brothers, who, with an internationally known hybridist named Eugene S. Boerner, run the Jackson & Perkins Co. nursery, of Newark, New York, could, if they were so inclined, congratulate themselves for having done a great deal to bring the rose to its present high estate. The rose, for its part, has not let them down. In the three decades since the brothers took over the nursery, it has become the world's largest, with roses supplying most of the momentum; indeed, its annual sales have increased from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to almost ten million, and roses account for seventy-five per cent of that. Back around 1920, the rose, as far as the average Sunday gardener was concerned, was a popular but limited plant that would reward its fanciers only by exploding in a flash bloom—mostly red, white, or pink—in June or July, after which little would be seen of it, except for its thorny foliage, for another year. The roses that bloomed longer or in other colors were apt to be fragile and finicky—vulnerable to hundreds of bacterial and insect enemies—and they wouldn't flourish unless they were pampered with laboriously prepared beds. Since then, hybridists both here and abroad, among them those employed by Jackson & Perkins, have developed a hardier plant, which not only is immune to many of the old bugs and ailments, or easily protected from them by dusts and sprays, but can be set out with not too much fuss in an ordinary flower bed, where it will bloom more or less continuously five months of the year, or from June to October in these parts. While strengthening the breed, they have also developed a prodigal number of new varieties—new colors, new shapes, new sizes, new structures, new names—and the suburban housewife with a ten-by-ten plot may very well be thrown into befuddlement when she tries to choose from among the newcomers, which are being introduced at a rate of seventy-five to a hundred a year.

Suburban housewives are a resilient lot, however, and notwithstanding occasional confused moments, they have joined with other gardeners across the country in giving the new varieties such an enthusiastic reception that the rose has, as the ledgers of Jackson & Perkins indicate, become big business indeed. In many ways, commercial rose growers operate like rivals in any other intensely competitive, mass-production industry; each year, to the accompaniment of much tub thumping, they pour out a stream of new models designed to make the old ones seem obsolete. They have a trade organization, too—All-America Rose Selections, Inc., which annually bestows citations on as many as six new varieties, much as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences bestows its Oscars—and they are as persistent as book publishers and manufacturers of shaving cream in their efforts to make life miserable for plagiarists. The big growers, including Jackson & Perkins, were in the vanguard of those who successfully agitated for the passage of the federal Plant Patent Act of 1930, which entitles anybody who patents a new variety of a plant to collect a royalty for the next seventeen years from anybody else who raises and markets it. Many outsiders, tending to regard a patent on a rose as something less than a gold mine, have been startled to learn that some patent holders have realized more than half a million dollars in royalties on a single variety. So energetic and businesslike have commercial rose growers become that they are now selling seventy-five million plants a year, and their annual take comes to nearly two hundred million dollars.

THIS kind of money may never before have been associated with rose growing, but it is probably safe to say that there has rarely been a time when the vocation was not a profitable one for somebody, since roses appear to have had a wider appeal, in more parts of the world, than any other flower. One of the most fervent, if not the most discriminating, of all rose fanciers was Cleopatra, who ordered the floors of her palace halls strewn eighteen inches deep with rose petals, in anticipation of a visit from Mark Antony. This was an easy order to carry out, since the fertile plain along the Nile was a great rose-producing area. It was, in fact, the principal supplier of roses to Rome at the height of the Empire, though how the flowers arrived fresh—as they are known to have done—after the long sea voyage is a mystery that horticultural historians have yet to solve. The demand for roses in Rome was enormous, and both men and women there decked themselves with the flowers in such profusion that bluenose elements pushed through a law prohibiting the practice in times of national mourning. (A banker who appeared in public garlanded with roses on one solemn occasion was put in jail for sixteen years.) Romans who could afford it took their ease on beds of roses—transparent mattresses stuffed with the flowers and surrounded by fountains spouting rose water. They ate rose pudding, had slaves burn rose petals near their beds while they slept, drank rose wine, and, when they had drunk too much of it, gulped quantities of rose tonic on the morning after.

For centuries, keen rose growers have gone off to far places searching for new varieties, just as representatives of Jackson & Perkins and other commercial growers nowadays tour Europe to visit the many hybridists there and bring back promising specimens of their latest work. During the Dark Ages, herbalists travelled with medieval armies and returned home with unfamiliar varieties of rose plants, and in more modern times, an agent of England's Royal Horticultural Society, disguised as a beggar, undertook a dangerous solo expedition deep into China and made off with some specimens of the yellow tea rose, which soon was grown all over the Western world. But possibly the most ambitious rose search ever conducted was sponsored by Napoleon's wife, the Empress Josephine, while she was transforming her garden at Malmaison into the greatest botanical center in Europe. Josephine usually carried a rose in her hand, and some of her friends claimed that she did this only to hide her bad teeth when she smiled; however that may be, she cared enough about flowers to send expeditions as far as South Africa and Australia to seek out unusual varieties, and her husband's armies had orders to keep their eyes open, too. Chivalrously, the British Admiralty instructed the commanders of its warships not to confiscate any plants or seeds that they might find aboard captured enemy ships but to forward them to Josephine. At Malmaison, she employed the best botanists to breed new roses, and out of their experiments came the first hybrid roses ever to be produced by artificial, or hand, pollinization.

The wild rose, from which the many complex forms of garden roses have evolved, is a five-petalled flower, and it has been around for a long time—for at least thirty-five million years, in the opinion of geologists who examined a fossil of a rose recently dug up on Crooked River, in Oregon. Long before man began tampering with the wild rose, Nature had performed her own crossbreedings, and as early as 410 B.C., Herodotus described roses with sixty petals; five centuries later Pliny, in his "Natural History," listed twelve varieties of roses. The life of rosarians, as dedicated rose cultists call themselves, must have been easy then; today, when the amateur gardener buys a plant for his rose bed, he is theoretically choosing from an array of six or seven thousand commercially available varieties, and any rosarian worth his salt is acquainted not only with these but with the many outmoded varieties often found around abandoned homesteads and in old cemeteries, as well as with the two or three hundred species of the wild rose that nature has developed on her own. He may reasonably be excused if he can't rattle off every one of the twenty-two thousand varieties of roses, wild and domestic, that at one time or another have been identified in some corner of the world, but he would hardly qualify as a rosarian if he were content to classify contemporary roses merely by their given names, such as Chrysler Imperial or Mevrouw G. de Jonge van Zwynsbergen—elementary, garden-club stuff, from his point of view. He also classifies them by type—tree or standard, miniature or fairy, shrub, rambler, large-flowered climber, single (meaning five-petalled, like the original wild rose), pillar, and trailer, to mention only a few of those now on the market. If he is on his toes, he can also tell which botanical class or subclass a particular rose belongs in—floribunda, hybrid tea,

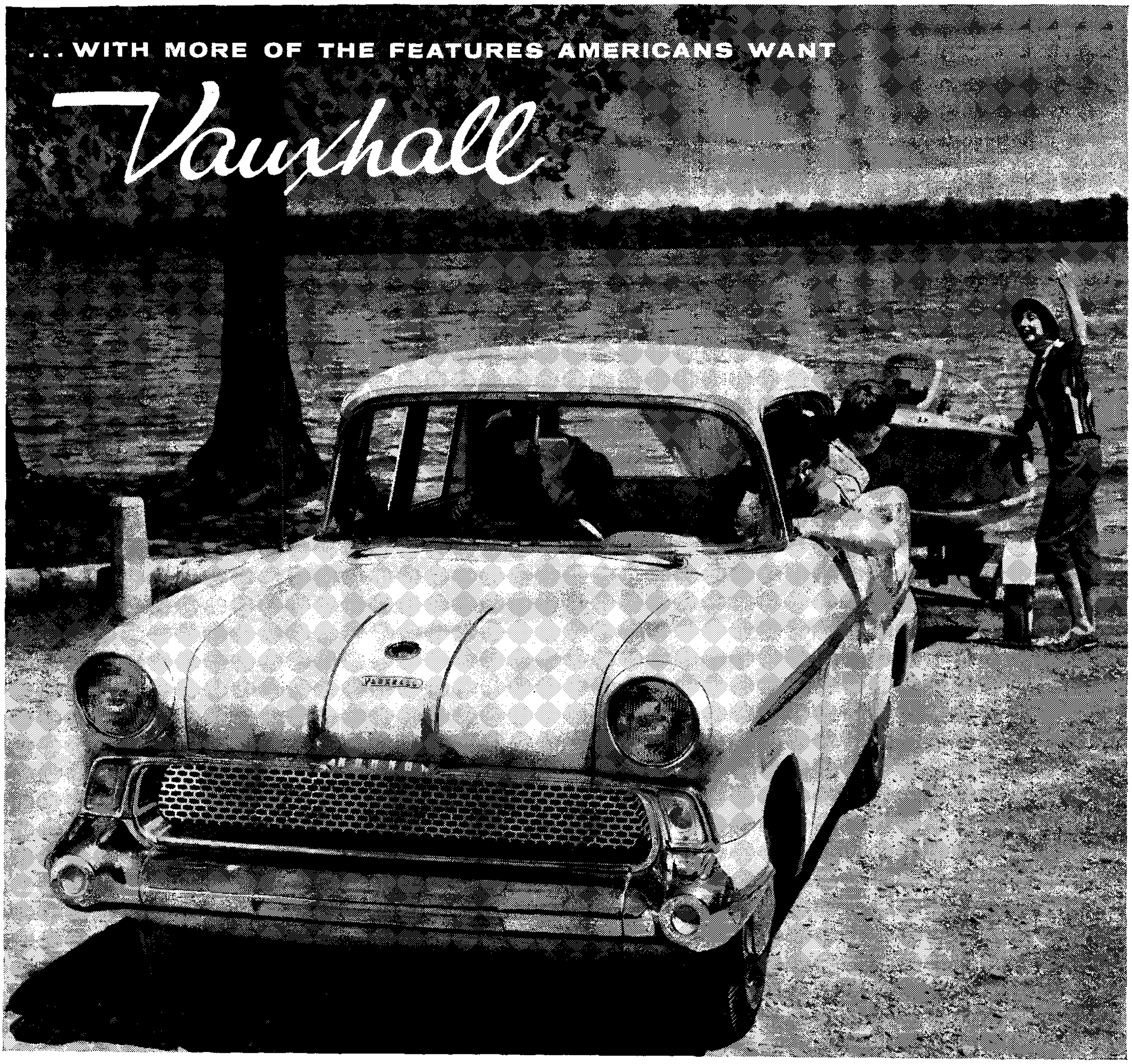


"If it hadn't been for diehard opposition, budget cuts, that sort of thing, we'd probably have arrived here years ago."

BRITISH

CRAFTSMANSHIP

AND DISTINCTION . . .


. . . WITH MORE OF THE FEATURES AMERICANS WANT
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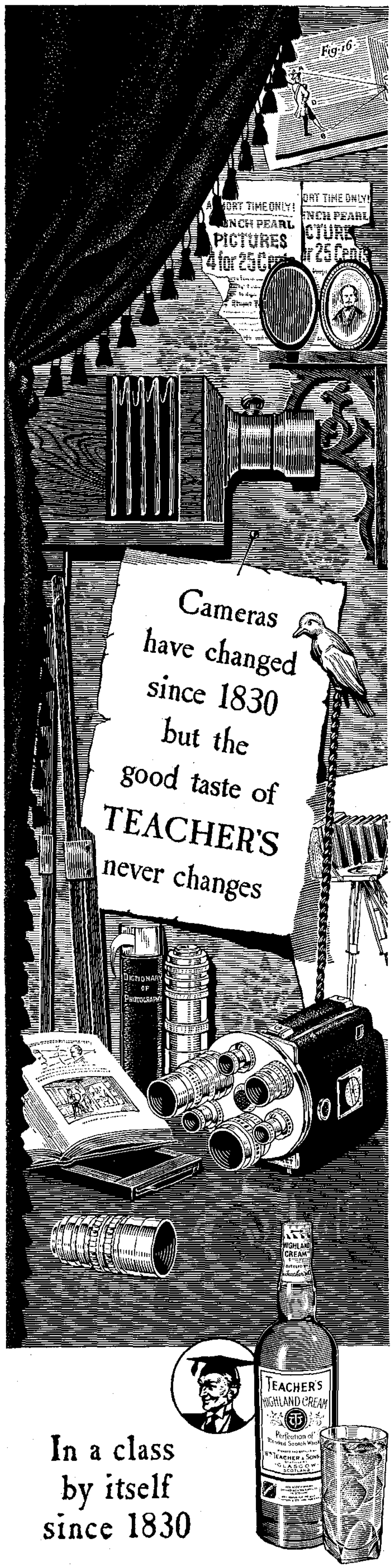

Fig. 16
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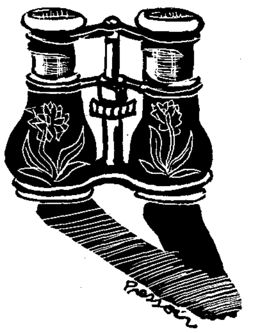
grandiflora, hybrid perpetual, Bourbon, Noisette, polyantha, foetida, moss, musk, damask, and so on and on. And he should be able to identify the forebears of any of the more celebrated contemporary varieties—a chore that presents complications not encountered in tracing the pedigrees of thoroughbred dogs or horses or livestock, because roses are bisexual, each flower being equipped with the pollen of the male and the seeds of the female. Thus, to cite a fairly simple example, the rose Crimson Glory is the mother, or seed parent, of Mardi Gras and the father, or pollen parent, of Detroiter, while the rose Poinsettia is the father of Mardi Gras and the mother of Detroiter. Possibly to compensate for the exacting demands made on them, rosarians converse with one another in a cozy jargon that, like the jargon of wine connoisseurs, is marked by strongly anthropomorphic overtones. "I'll agree that the Ophelia has a weak neck and resents wet feet," one rosarian may say to another. "But you'll have to admit that it's sincere and ingratiating."



THE Jackson & Perkins establishment in Newark covers twenty-three hundred acres, and much of this is taken up by one of the three rose nurseries the company operates, the others being in Phoenix, Arizona (three thousand acres), and Pleasanton, California (a thousand acres). Newark, though, is the home stand, and it is there that Jackson & Perkins stages its fortnight-long Rose Festival, an annual June event, inaugurated in 1931, that attracts something like two hundred thousand visitors from the United States and abroad. This spring, my curiosity aroused by reports of the aggressive methods, in both cross-pollinizing and merchandising, that have made the company the largest in its field, I arranged to visit the nursery and thought, while I was at it, that I might catch the last couple of days of the festival. Newark is thirty miles east of Rochester, about midway between Lake Ontario and the Finger Lakes, and as I drove toward it one bright, hot, windy Friday afternoon, through a gently rolling countryside of large fruit farms and small villages, I knew that I was getting near when I passed the Rose City Drive-In Theatre and a billboard welcoming motorists to the Rose Capital of the World. Newark turned out to be a Norman Rockwell sort of community, with a population of ten thousand, an abundance of churches, and half a dozen medium-sized manufacturing concerns. Its main street was hung with streamers proclaiming the festival, and banners adorned with rose crests were drooping from the lampposts. Here and there, in the grass plots between sidewalk and curb, stood tall pink Betty Prior floribunda roses, dusty but bold in the heat.

After the dispiriting atmosphere of Newark on a hot day, the Jackson & Perkins domain, at the south end of the town, presents a refreshingly expansive vista of gardens and broad fields. As I approached it, a display garden—the center of interest of all pilgrims to the festival—lay directly ahead of me, a mammoth tapestry of whites, pinks, yellows, and reds against a green background. Skirting this, I went to the administration building to meet Charles H. Perkins, the president of the company, who had invited me to be one of the house guests he and his wife entertain at festival time. Jackson & Perkins was founded in 1872 by the president's uncle, another Charles H. Perkins, and his father-in-law, a retired cheese manufacturer named A. E. Jackson. Mr. Perkins has been with the company since 1901, when, at the age of twelve, he left his family's farm in Michigan to work as a day laborer in the nursery. Later, one by one, his three brothers—Ralph E., Clarence G., and Carroll E.—joined up, too. In 1901, at about the time young Charles arrived, Jackson & Perkins scored its first big success by producing a hybrid pink rambler named Dorothy Perkins, after the co-founder's daughter. At first, the firm didn't realize it had a hit on its hands, and merely offered five hundred of the plants in pots for the local Easter trade, but word of the new rambler spread, and in a few years millions of Dorothy Perkinses were climbing over the porches and fences of homes as far distant—and in as different climates—as India and Norway. In 1927, Uncle Charles died, leaving his expanding acreage to his son George, and in 1928, George sold the company to his four cousins and Eugene Boerner. Ralph Perkins is now sales manager of the firm, and lives in Newark; Clarence runs the California nursery; Carroll is sales manager for the New York metropolitan area; and Boerner is the

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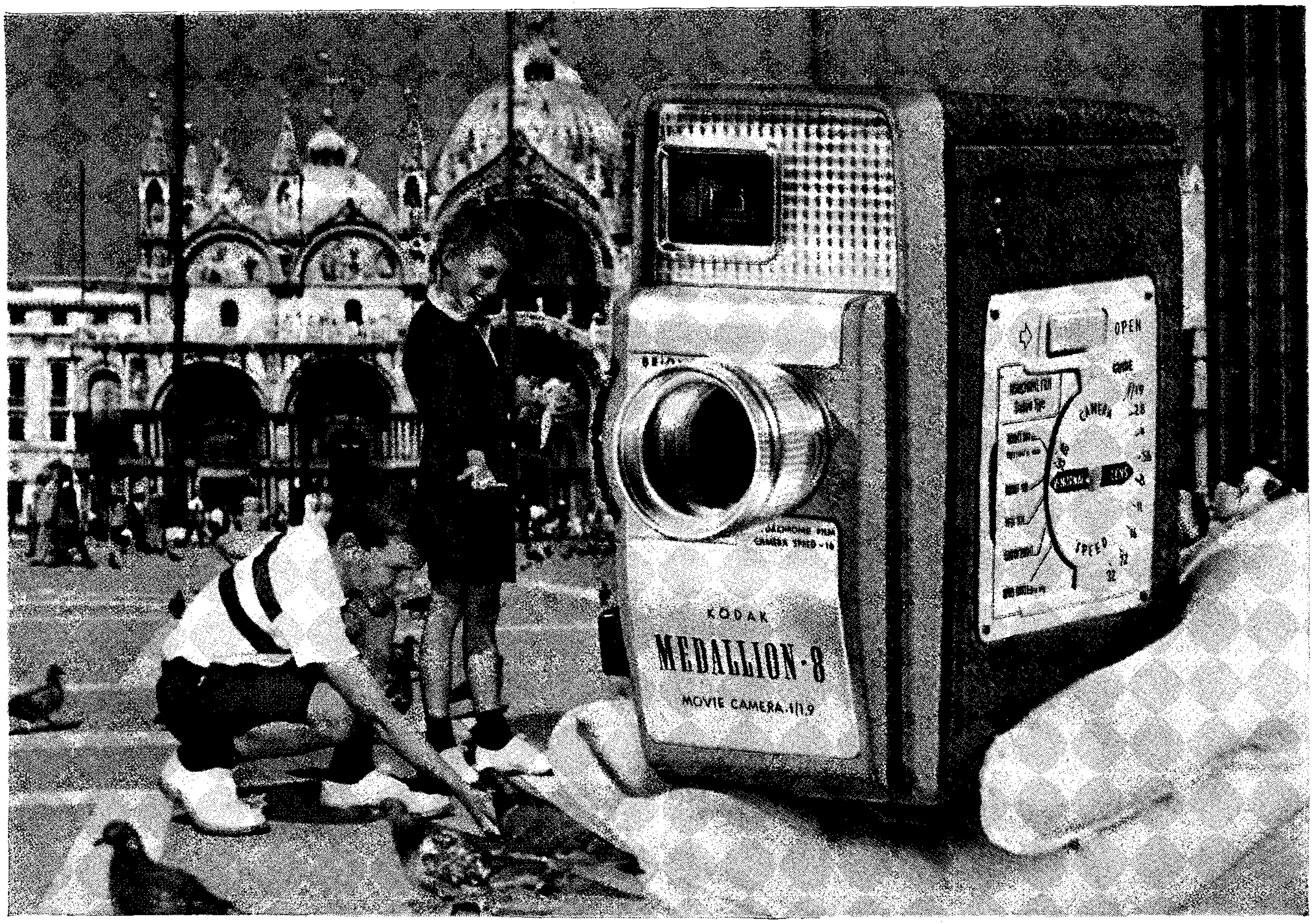
firm's secretary and director of research.

Charles Perkins was at his desk in a corner office overlooking the display garden—a tall, vigorous man with keen eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles and the expression of almost infinite patience that I have often seen on the faces of people who spend much of their lives waiting for nature to make the next move. Books about roses and cans containing fertilizers and dusting powders filled the bookshelves along one wall, and an enormous Pacific sailfish, with a plaque announcing that my host had caught it, was mounted on another. Observing that Mr. Perkins was chewing on a cigar, I was reminded of the saying that a man with a fondness for roses will also have a fondness for fishing and cigars. "I hope you don't mind my cigar," he remarked as he settled me in a chair. "Many of the ladies I run across in this business just can't stand them." I assured him that cigars were quite all right with me. "Good," he said. "Well, you've come at just the right time. The garden's at its height. Three weeks ago, we couldn't have told you whether there'd be a rose in bloom, what with the late spring we've had hereabouts. Why, in May some of the nights were so cold we had to use smudge pots to keep the temperature from falling too low around the plants. But this hot weather has brought the blooms out like the hair on a dog. You can't count on the seasons being regular any more. When our 1956 festival was due to open, the bushes were still only in bud, and we broadcast announcements over stations in Rochester and Syracuse telling people to stay away for a while. Gosh! They flocked here in greater numbers than ever. It rained part of the time, too, but the people seemed to enjoy the festival, in spite of all the soaked 4-H queens and the sopping crêpe paper. Here, this will show you where we stand this year."

Mr. Perkins handed me a copy of the festival program, and I saw that I had missed, among other things, the crowning of a Rose Princess; a Kiddie Costume Contest, in which the children wore costumes made of real or artificial roses; the Sterling Bowl Tournament, in which fourteen rose arrangers from all parts of the country competed for a silver bowl donated by the Sterling Silversmiths Guild of America; Camera Day, during which representatives of Eastman Kodak demonstrated how to photograph roses; and a Festival of Fashions, in which models employed by a Rochester department store paraded through the display garden carrying



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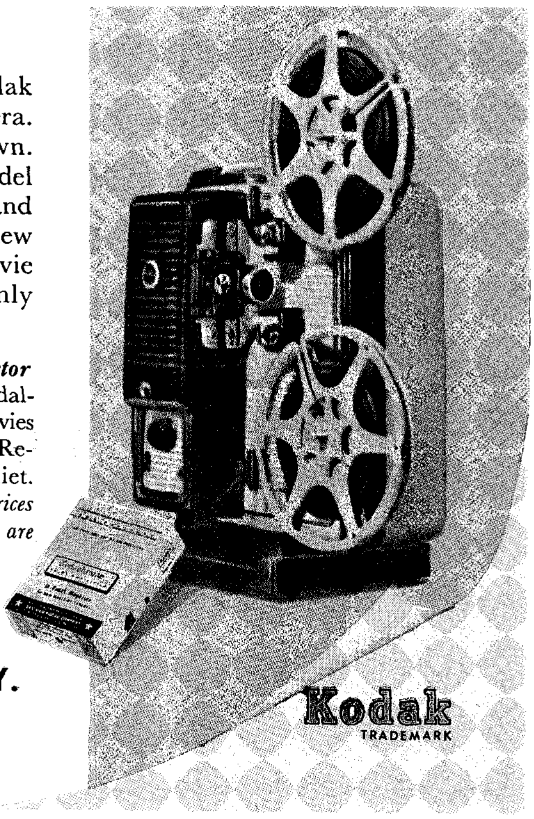

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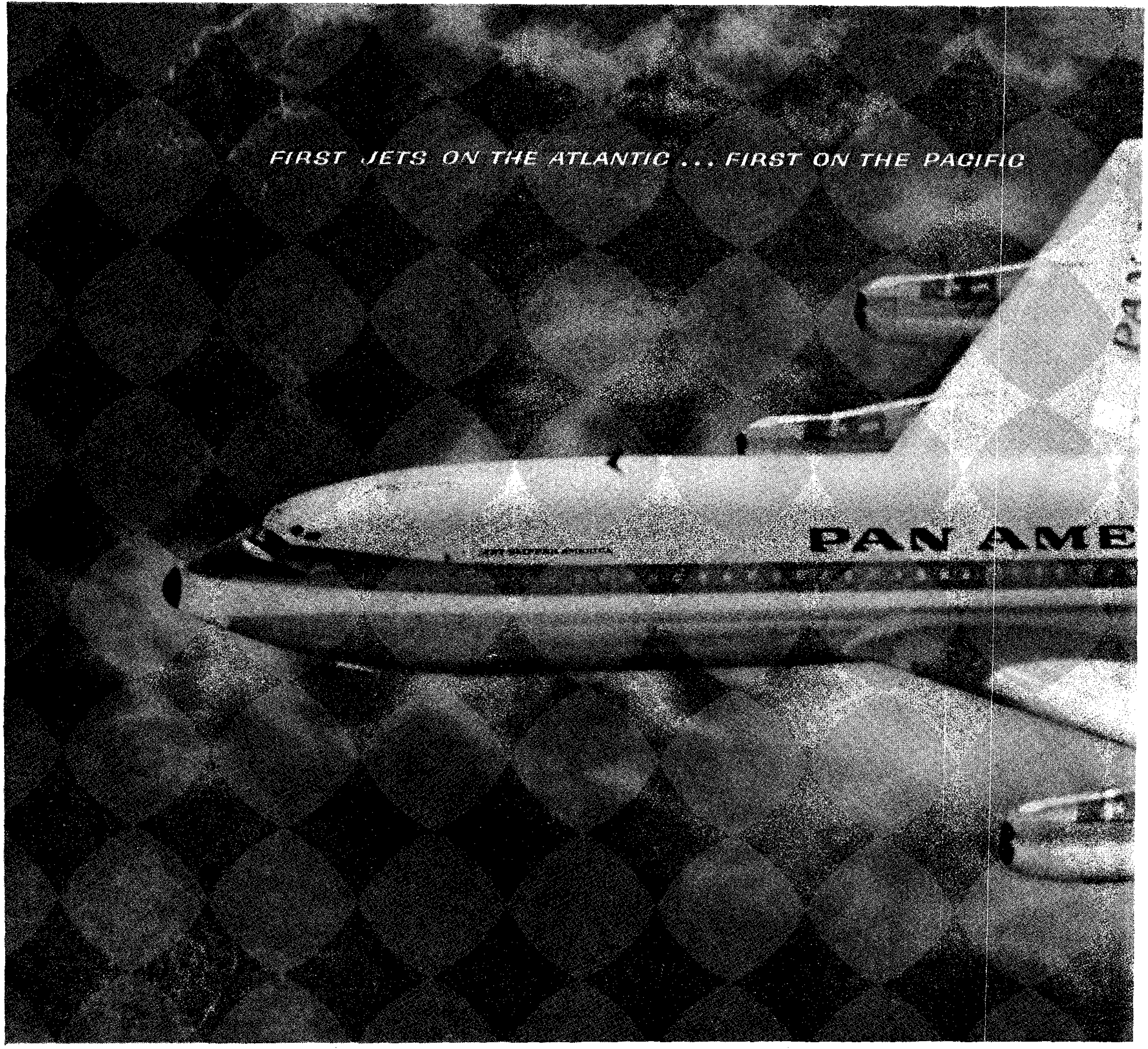
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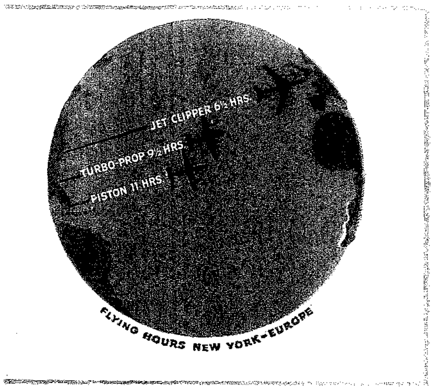
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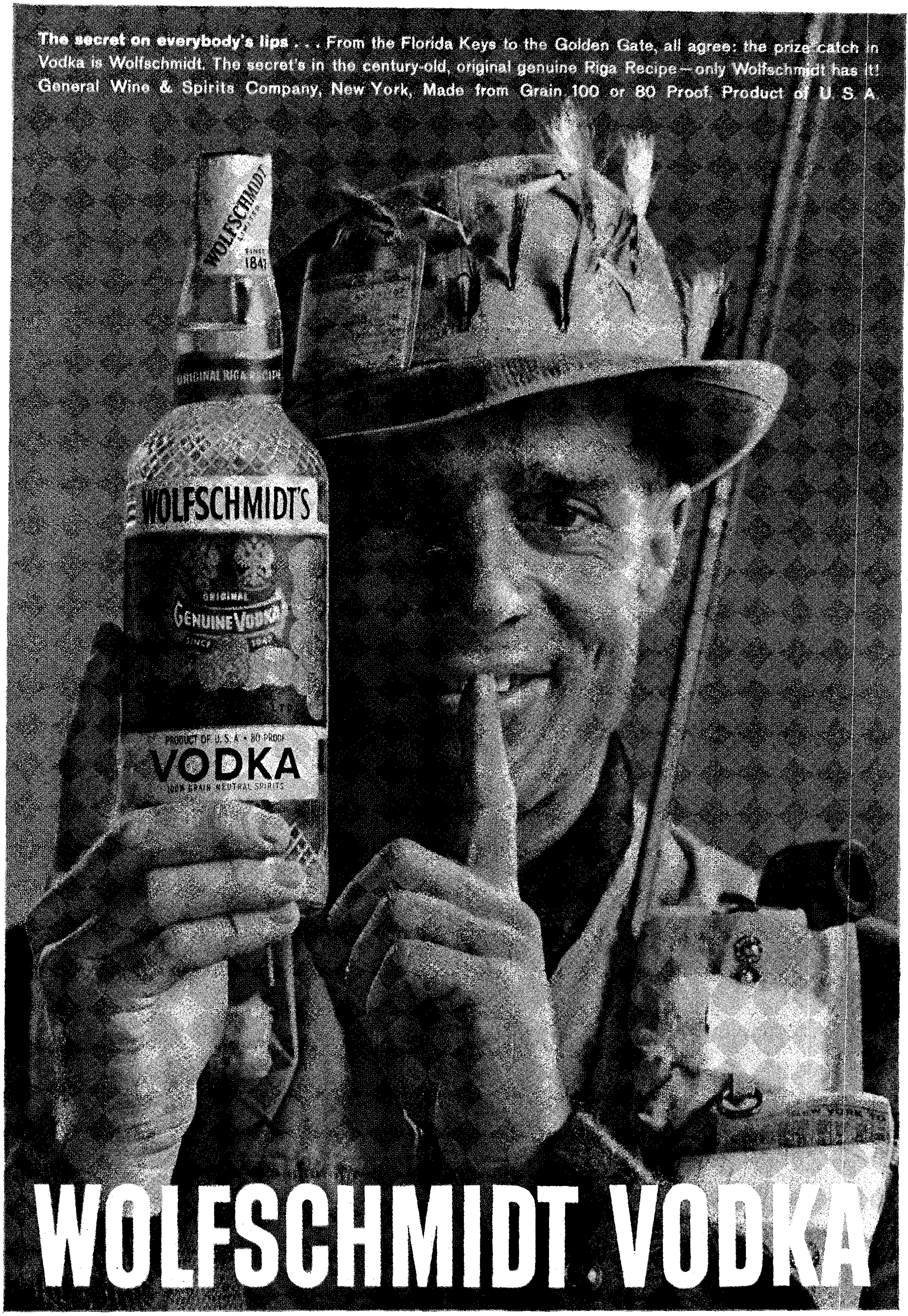
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bouquets of roses that matched their dresses. I was on time, though, for the Annual Rose Show, the next day, in which amateur rose growers would show their flowers and compete for prizes, and the Rose Festival Antique Car Tour, the day after, in which the drivers would chug about the Jackson & Perkins property. From the program, it was easy to get an idea of the imaginative merchandising that Jackson & Perkins is noted for.

"The whole notion of the festival grew out of an annual kiddy parade the local merchants used to put on back in the thirties," Mr. Perkins said as I slipped the program into my handbag. "The festival is a fine idea from many angles, but one man who had his doubts about it was the late Dr. J. H. Nicolas, the great French hybridizer. You see, one of the first things my brothers and I did after we took over the company was to bring in Dr. Nick to head our research department, and right from the start he used to complain that having crowds of festival visitors peering over his shoulder while he was studying the blooms in what we call our test gardens was driving him frantic. That's when we hit on the notion of having a display garden that the public could traipse around in to their heart's content without bringing our work to a standstill. We finished it thirteen years ago. Cost us half a million dollars, and no wonder. It covers seventeen acres and has thirty-five thousand rose plants, with, at a guess, two million flowers."

Mr. Perkins told me that he would show me around, but that he thought I might understand more of what I saw if he first gave me a little background. To begin at the beginning, he said, lighting a fresh cigar with the air of a man who has a story to unfold, most of the roses now on the market are of two kinds. The older of these is the hybrid tea, a long-stemmed, high-crowned rose, usually with one blossom—and at most three—to a stem, that is the traditional mainstay of both florist and flower show. The other is the floribunda. When the Perkins brothers took over the nursery, this type was in its infancy; today sixty per cent of the rose plants sold in the United States are floribundas. The floribunda's soaring popularity and the company's immense growth have been interwined; without Jackson & Perkins the floribunda would not be what it is today, and without the floribunda Jackson & Perkins might be just another nursery. The floribunda got its start in Europe back in the twenties, when several hybridists began cross-

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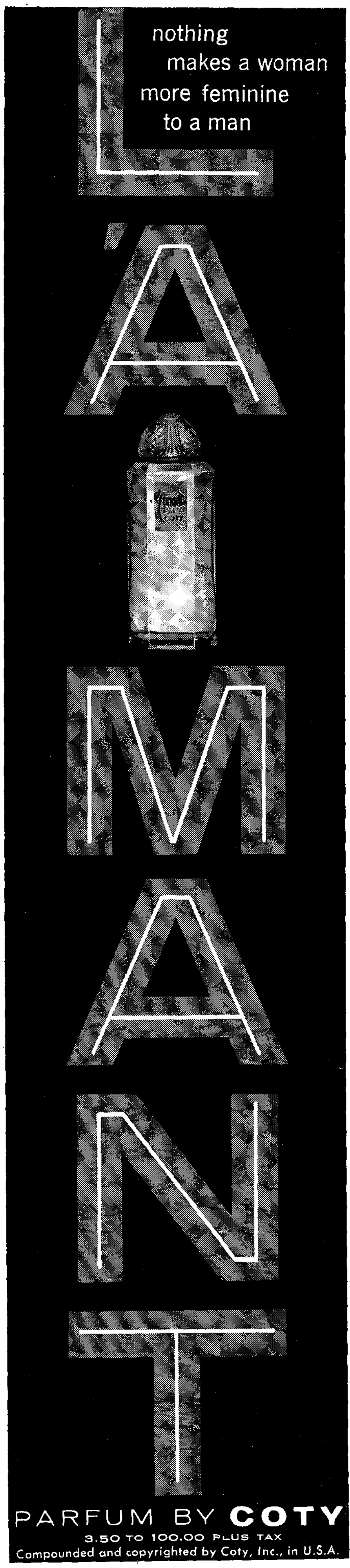

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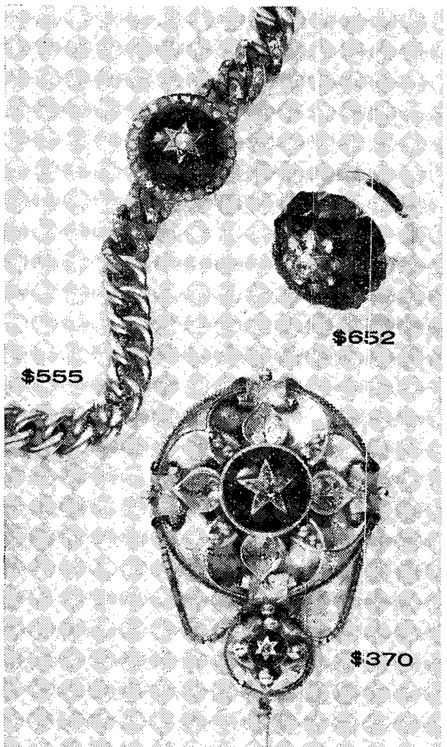
ing the hybrid tea with the polyantha—a hardy, low plant that energetically spawns clusters of many small roses all summer long. Their aim was to evolve a rose along the lines of what the floribunda is today—a vigorous plant that throughout the warm-weather months would bear large numbers of roses with the classic colors and contours of the hybrid teas. In the early thirties, Dr. Nick began experimenting with the new plants on a large scale, and after he died, Eugene Boerner carried on the work, breeding and crossbreeding practically under forced draft at Newark, and introducing many refinements of his own. He envisioned a great future for the floribundas; their long-blooming characteristic, he thought, might make them ideal for landscaping, and their masses of flowers might contribute to garden beds striking splashes of color that were beyond the powers of the single-blossom hybrid teas—a double-barrelled hunch that ultimately proved sound. By 1938, the company was ready to market the first batch of the revolutionary hybrids, except that no one had yet thought up a satisfactory name for them. "We wanted a catchy name implying a general type and not just one variety," Mr. Perkins told me. "We finally settled on 'floribunda'—meaning 'many flowers'—but the American Rose Society, which grades and records all new roses, said we couldn't use it. For one thing, the Society said, it was the obsolete botanical name of two species of rose, and, for another, it was the name given by a couple of nineteenth-century Frenchmen to two now extinct varieties. The Society wanted us to call our new roses 'large-flowered hybrid polyanthas.' Well, *that* name, we knew, would never sell a new strain, so we went ahead and called them floribundas, and the experts went ahead and called them large-flowered hybrid polyanthas. Then one day it was all settled, just like that. The American Rose Society people were getting out their yearbook, and they asked us if they could borrow a color plate we'd made of one of our floribundas. So we sent them the plate, along with a note informing them that they could use it only if they also used *our* designation. Well, on press day they called up to say they were in a terrible jam. They had told the printers to leave a blank space for the plate, meaning, I guess, to argue out the question of the name with us. Now, at the last minute, they had nothing else to fill the space with, and they begged us for permission to tag the picture 'large-flowered hybrid polyantha.' But we stuck to our guns,



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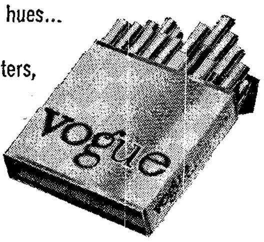

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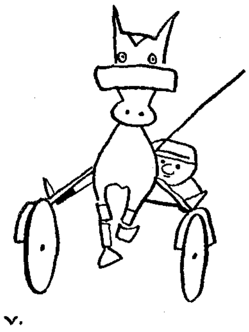
and when the presses started running, our plate, with the proper caption, was in the space reserved for it. And from that day on, those roses have been known as floribundas to everybody."

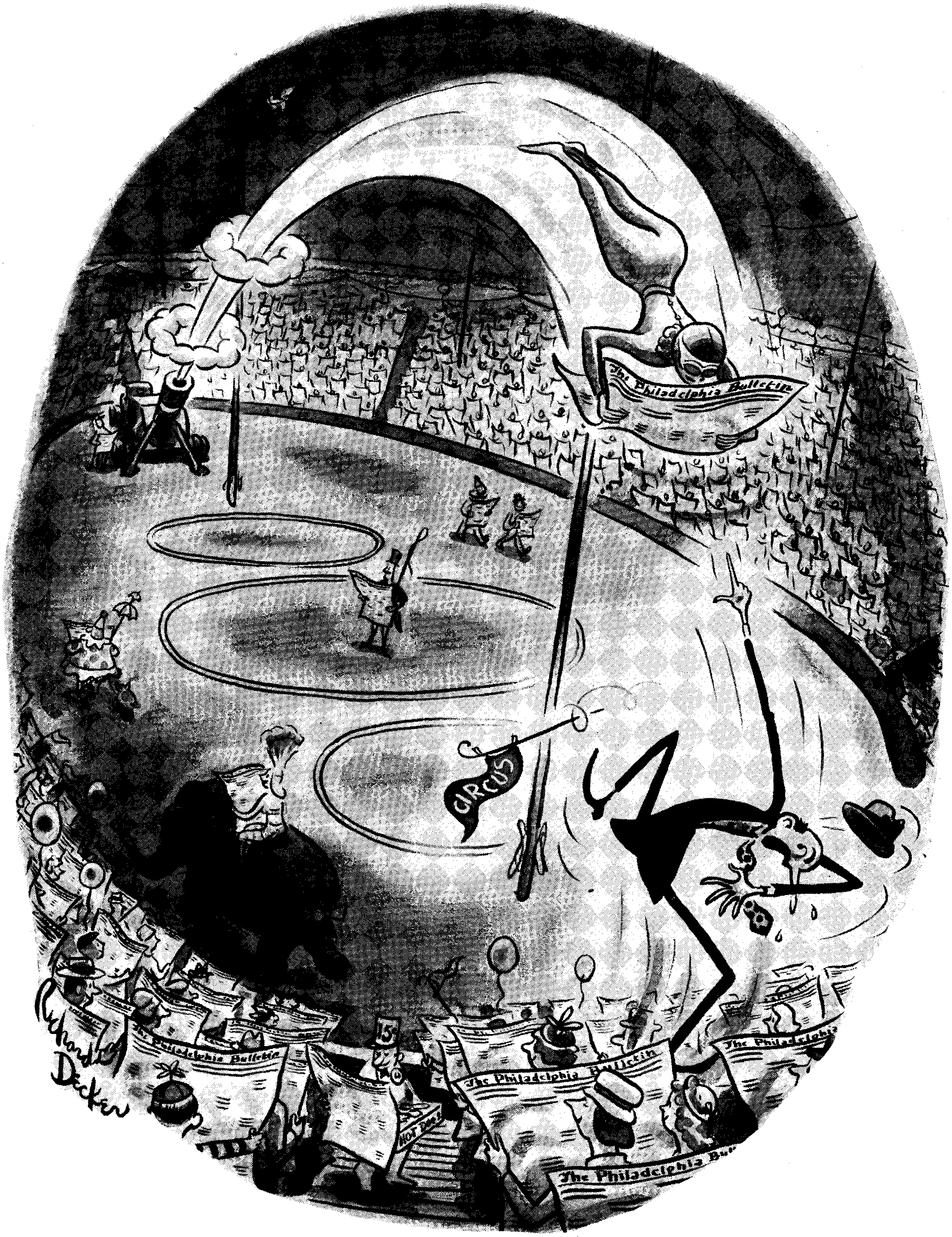
As just one indication of the profound effect floribundas have had on the affairs of Jackson & Perkins, its president said that the company had formerly operated on a wholesale basis, but that when it put on an exhibit at the New York World's Fair of 1939, the impact of a floribunda called World's Fair—a real show-stopper—was such that forty thousand visitors wanted to buy it for their own gardens. Jackson & Perkins, abandoning itself to the festive spirit prevailing at Flushing Meadow, obligingly took down the inquirers' names, and presently decided to enter the retail field. The forty thousand names became the nucleus of the mailing list the firm now uses in sending out two million copies of its semi-annual catalogue, as well as a deluge of incidental promotion pieces.



Since the Fair, retail sales have come to account for more than seventy-five per cent of Jackson & Perkins' business. The rest consists of supplying plants to wholesalers, who, in turn, supply cut flowers to the florist trade, and Mr. Perkins remarked that floribundas are beginning to play an important role in this market, too. A large part of the public judges cut flowers by their ability to withstand the rigors of steam heat, and in this respect the hybrid tea rose has recently been challenged by the chrysanthemum. Chrysanthemums have always been able to stand heat better than hybrid teas, but until a few years ago they could be grown in greenhouses only during the fall months, and so offered only part-time competition to the year-round roses. However, new varieties of chrysanthemum that could be grown throughout the year were developed, and Mr. Boerner, accepting the challenge, set to work on greenhouse floribundas. In time, he came up with several that far outlasted hybrid teas and pretty much evened things up with the chrysanthemums. The only trouble was that the stems of the floribundas were a lot shorter than those of the teas, and the flowers lacked the latter's attractive high-crowned proportions, so Mr. Boerner stepped up his crossbreeding campaign, and he has had considerable success in lengthening the stems and raising the crowns. "Another thing Gene Boerner has managed to do is to give the floribundas a much wider range of color than the greenhouse teas," Mr. Perkins said. "He's developed plenty of hues, including brown. It's hard work, because he's a stickler, and so am I, for sharp, clear, clean colors."

Each year, Mr. Perkins went on, the firm brings out about ten new roses, of either the greenhouse or garden variety. Most of them are original Jackson & Perkins creations, and the rest are the products of European or American hybridists, who license the firm to grow and market their plants, in return for royalties that not infrequently amount to twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year. Jackson & Perkins also enters into the same arrangement with its big American competitors, growing and marketing some of their hybrids and occasionally paying them as much as three hundred thousand dollars a year for the privilege. Sometimes, Jackson & Perkins' sales of another nursery's rose—the hybrid tea Peace, for instance—will be more than double the nursery's own.

"It may seem hard to believe, but every rose we introduce represents at least seven years and fifty thousand dollars' worth of research—from the time we make our first cross to the time we pronounce the plant fit for mass production," Mr. Perkins said, and again I was impressed by his look of indomitable patience. "The trouble is that you can't just take the seeds of a rose and stick them in the ground and get another rose exactly like it. You see, all of today's domesticated roses are hybrids—hybrids many times over—and hybrid roses don't reproduce true to form from seed, nor do they reproduce easily. Some *can* be propagated by cuttings and slips that take root in the ground, or by bending the stalk of a plant down and covering a section of it with soil to make it form roots—layering, that's called—but these methods aren't good enough for our purposes, because cultivated roses don't develop root systems of their own that are sturdy enough to keep them blooming at their best. So what we do is to graft buds onto the rugged roots of a special strain of wild rose—it's multiflora japonica, and we call it the understock—and then we get a plant that will thrive in many types of soil and climate. I'll ask Gene Boerner to show you the details of some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SEE?

THERE IS CLEAR EVIDENCE that Alaska has always been part of the Union in outlook if not in actuality. *Item:* the three most popular television programs in Anchorage are *Playhouse 90, Red Skelton* and *Gunsmoke. Item:* six of the "Top 10" programs are broadcast by the CBS Television Network. *Item:* Of the 5000 households in Fairbanks, 120 miles south of the Arctic Circle, 3000 homes, excluding igloos, have television sets and are served by Alaska's most powerful television station, KTVF, a CBS Television Network affiliate.

Those incredible solo leaps you saw on your television screen in the "Dance of the Partisans" on *The Ed Sullivan Show* a few Sunday nights ago were executed by a Russian folk dancer named Lev Golovanov who would be entitled to star billing if there were such a thing with the Moiseyev dance troupe. There isn't. Nobody gets his name in bigger type than anybody else except the director. However, Golovanov is one of the few members who are entitled to have "stand-ins." It seems that while his "stand-in" was working for him during a rehearsal, Mr. Golovanov became so excited by the picture of a portable swimming pool in a newspaper ad that he leaped from a sitting, or reading, position into the arms of Ken Campbell, Production Assistant on the show, and asked him where he could buy one. By the time Campbell figured out the Russian word for Macy's *(GUM)*, Golovanov had leaped somewhere else.

The continuing love affair between television and the American people keeps growing more intense as 600,000 additional families join the nationwide television audience each month. The other day *The Wall Street Journal* quoted a discouraged banker petulantly saying "I know people who kept up the payment on the TV set rather than maintain the mortgage."

CBS

of the key processes, like cross-pollinizing and budding, before you leave."

MR. PERKINS picked up a slouch hat, put a fresh cigar in his mouth, and suggested that we take a walk through the display garden. As we left the building, I turned to admire a bed of floribundas whose flowers were an off-white with yellow centers. "There's one of the nicest things I know," Mr. Perkins said. "It's Ivory Fashion—one of Gene Boerner's. We just brought it out formally the other day, and it will appear in our fall catalogue. It got an A.A.R.S. award—All-America Rose Selections, that is—for 1958, which means that we'll sell about a hundred and fifty thousand for sure this year. But look at these." He led me to a magnificent rose bed in which plantings of two varieties of hybrid tea, with waxy dark-green foliage, were blooming side by side. The flowers in the group nearest us were a warm apricot pink, and in the other a startling combination of deep rose and creamy yellow. "The pink is the Gail Borden, a German rose named after the founder of the milk company," he said. "Borden's had its hundredth anniversary last year, and its promotion people decided to celebrate it by, among other things, featuring a Borden rose in their ads. So some of their men came up here to look over our new varieties, and this is the one they picked. A lot of people are after us to name a rose for their outfit—even an oil company, but we decided that oil and roses don't mix."

As I was thinking that the Gail Borden was a fragile little thing to support so great a load of publicity, Mr. Perkins pointed to the other planting and said, "Now, that bicolor over there—that's a very controversial rose. It's unique in color, perfect in form, hardy as an oak, and it just never seems to stop blooming. Even hot weather doesn't fade it. But look at this." He leaned over one of the plants, cut off a long, pointed bud with a pocketknife, and handed it to me. "You see," he went on, "when it's in the bud stage the petals are so tightly wrapped that the two colors combine to give a kind of homely, mottled effect, which some people object to. Well, it didn't win an award from the A.A.R.S., but we're putting it out this fall anyway. It's a magnificent rose, probably the last one from Wilhelm Kordes, the great German hybridizer, who retired last year. He certainly considers it his masterpiece, and even named it after himself—Kordes Perfecta. We've promised to retain

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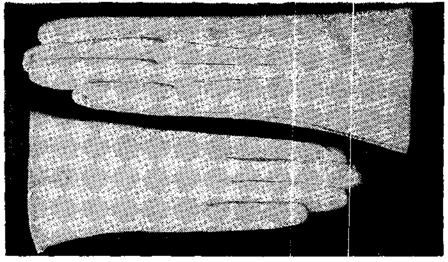

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the name, even though it *is* a mouthful."

Leaving the Kordes chef-d'oeuvre, we passed a hedge of tall, sturdy bushes bearing large roses of an arresting muted orange. "The name of that one is Spartan—we've tagged it the Wonder Floribunda," Mr. Perkins said. "It's another of Gene's, and the year it came out, the American Rose Society gave it the highest rating of any floribunda—nine point three, out of a possible ten. There aren't many roses that have got nine points or better, and none have got ten. Still, it didn't get the A.A.R.S. award. It was a wet, cold spring on the West Coast the year it was judged—the A.A.R.S. has testing stations all over the country, you know—and the bad weather spoiled its color out there. We went ahead anyway, and spent over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars introducing it—even took a full-page ad in *Life*—and in the two years it's been on the market it's paid off darn well."

I was aware that back in the more casual days of rose growing, new varieties were usually named after persons who had been associated with their development, and that this custom has gradually given way to naming them after television stars, cars, or milk companies. On the other hand, some of the names suggested no obvious derivation, and I asked my guide how Jackson & Perkins approached the problem of nomenclature. "We prefer purely descriptive names," he replied. "But good new names of that kind are hard to come by—so hard, in fact, that we pay a hundred dollars for an acceptable one. Our files are full of suggestions sent in by the public—a lot of them names like Perkins White and Perkins Yellow, and none of them very original, except, of course, for the few we've been able to use. So we've thought up most of our names ourselves while sitting around in conference staring at a bouquet of a new variety. One day, I recall, it was the turn of a red floribunda of Gene's to be christened—a perky little red rose, with lots of blooms on each stem. Maybe it was the perkiness of those flowers, but, anyway, we were all bogged down, when out of a clear sky someone said, 'Chatter,' and—well, that was perfect. A name can make or break a rose. Now, you take Blaze, for instance—a red climber we introduced so long ago that its patent has run out. There have been better red climbers since, but that rose still outsells them all, and as far as I can figure, all because of its name. We ran a big contest for that name—twenty-five thousand entries—and Blaze won hands down. Experience has taught

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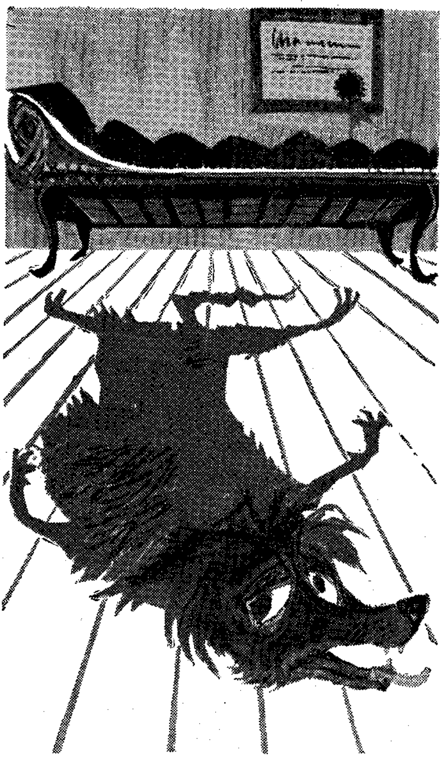

The Jackal that turned into Hide

(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

Once upon a time, an introverted jackal decided to alter his ego. So he tapped his psychiatrist's fresh bottle of Yellowstone bourbon, figuring he could reseal it unnoticed—no great feat with an ordinary seal. But Yellowstone has an Alcoa® Pilferproof Closure which exposed the jackal as a two-faced trickster. He got such a dressing down that he developed a permanently split personality.

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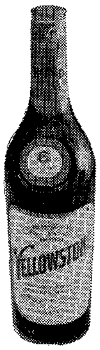

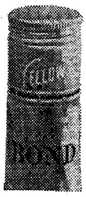

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us one rule, by the way—never name a rose after a politician. When he goes out of favor, the rose goes with him. Back in the late twenties, we named one after Al Smith, and it never even got started. The President Herbert Hoover had better luck, in the long run. One of the other nurseries brought it out in 1930, and it was very popular for a time, but after Mr. Hoover left office, the plant hardly sold at all. Then he staged a comeback in public opinion, and so did the rose. By the way, Blaze's name isn't the only interesting thing about that rose. It was originally a mutation, or sport. When a shoot starts growing from a branch just like all its fellow-shoots but then develops characteristics that are different from those of the others and either of the parent plants, we know we have a sport. Some sports turn out to be worthless, but others, like Blaze, can become real bonanzas. Our fieldworkers are on the lookout for them all the time, and we pay them something extra for every promising one they find. An Ohio nurseryman found Blaze on one of his rosebushes, began breeding it, and patented it. We heard about the new rose and went out to see it, and were so impressed that we bought the rights to it. Four years later, we put it into production, and before the patent rights expired, we'd paid the Ohio man more than six hundred thousand dollars in royalties. Then, a year after Blaze entered the public domain, my brother Ralph, who had one of the plants in the garden out back of his house here, in Newark, returned from vacation in mid-September and found that one shoot was blooming as profusely as it had been in the spring. From that shoot we developed an improved Blaze that's now selling close to a million plants a year."

In the display garden, most of the walks were grass-covered, and they were soft and cool underfoot. Rosebushes in groups of from fifty to a hundred—each group identified by a black placard with white letters—had been set out in a big array of formal beds mulched with peat moss, and great pains had obviously been taken to avoid the clashing of colors. Off on the sidelines were some smaller, informal plantings, with roses climbing and twining over stone walls and picket fences. The air was fragrant with the scent of the multitude of flowers, and around us the lazy put-put of grass cutters mingled pleasantly with the song of birds. There were many visitors, but they made little noise; most of them wandered slowly—even reverently—up and down the paths, stopping now and then to make a note

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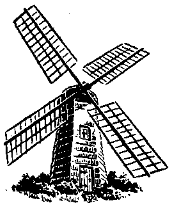

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of the name of a variety, or simply to stand and gaze in mute admiration. Here and there, a man knelt on the grass, photographing a flower. As we strolled about, we came upon a bed filled with roses of a pale but undeniably lavender hue, and I almost gasped, for although I had heard of lavender roses, I had never seen any. "That's Sterling Silver, one of our new hybrid teas," Mr. Perkins said. "We featured it in the Sterling Bowl Tournament a couple of days ago. It was bred by Gladys Fisher, one of the few lady hybridists in this country, and we market it for her. We think it's a humdinger." As he spoke, a couple approached the bed, and the woman exclaimed, "Oh, George! Just look at these *lavender* roses!" Dutifully, the man turned toward the Sterling Silvers, and for an instant his weary gaze gave way to an unbelieving stare. But then his face resumed its expression of tired boredom, and he sighed and said, "You can have them. Let's be on our way."

"That's the typical male reaction," Mr. Perkins murmured. "But women love lavender roses."

The rosebushes all around us were the healthiest I had ever seen, and I remarked how strange it was that the heat had not affected them. "I'm glad you think so," Mr. Perkins said. "But, actually, the sun has faded most of the bloom colors a bit. The best time to see the garden is in the fall, when the colors are really true. Of course, these roses are grown under optimum conditions. They're set just the proper distance apart. Roses like to be close to each other, but they hate being crowded, so we keep the hybrid teas a foot and a half apart and the floribundas two feet. Then, too, we cut back some of their buds to keep them from all blooming at once. The soil is changed every two years, and we spray them regularly to keep off insects. Each bed has an underground irrigation system, so we can water it from both above and below. The best way to get roses through the heat is to cool the soil. The worst weather hazard we face is any sudden change in temperature, like a late-spring freeze. We can control that sort of thing to a certain extent here in the display garden. We've just installed big blowers, like those the California orange growers use, and we have thermostats connected with a bell in our head gardener's house to wake him if the temperature drops sharply in the middle of the night. Before we had the blowers, he'd sometimes get us all out of bed, and we'd bring every smudge pot and kerosene

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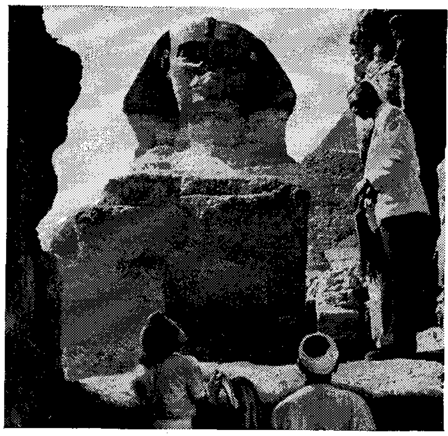

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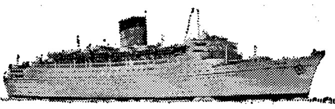

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stove we could get our hands on out here to keep the temperature from falling below the safety point. Our regular growing fields are too big for that kind of care, of course, so out there it's a different story. This spring, the shoots were already up four to five inches when one of those freezes nipped them back. That naturally cut down on the number of buds we got for grafting, and it will affect the supply of marketable plants we'll have two years from now. We spent weeks cutting off deadwood—must have lost at least two hundred and fifty thousand bushes altogether, maybe more."

I asked Mr. Perkins whether the firm carried insurance against the weather hazard, and he said, "Nope. Too darn expensive. During the bad days of the thirties, a freeze like this spring's would wipe out many a nursery, and, as a matter of fact, we ourselves were in debt almost a million dollars at one time. Banks didn't feel then that nurseries had enough solid collateral to be good credit risks, and they wouldn't lend them money. Things are better now, but this business is still pretty much at the mercy of the weather—not only at the production end but in sales. In a dry spring, our orders are slow coming in, because people wait to see what's going to happen. But in a wet spring, people sit around indoors studying their catalogues and filling out order blanks."

We passed some beds in which roses and other flowers were mingled. In one, tiny Blue Carpet campanula were growing at the foot of a large yellow climber that glowed against a white fence post; in another, Hidcote Blue lavender softened the brilliant red of some roses spilling in a great burst of bloom over a rustic fence. Next we came to a plot—it might easily have served as the model for a Kate Greenaway illustration—where the neat, rounded forms of Spartan tree roses, like large, compact bouquets on their long, slender trunks, gave an orange tinge to a planting of white hybrid teas. "Tree roses were very fashionable in the Empress Josephine's time," Mr. Perkins told me. "We revived them a few years ago, and now they're fashionable again. We can hardly keep up with our orders for them. They take an extra year to propagate, because they're really three roses in one. The first is the rootstock. Then we use a special strain to produce the long stems—up to five feet in some cases—and then there's the variety that branches and produces blooms. Quite a composite by the time it's ready to sell."

Mr. Perkins led me into an enclosure

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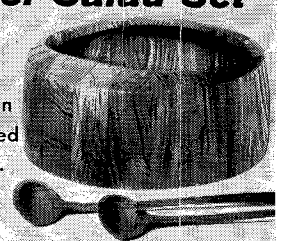

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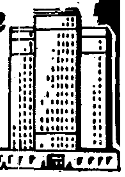

set off by a hedge. "We call this our living library," he said. "It's full of specimens that are generally regarded as obsolete." He paused beside a straggly bush adorned with ragged flowers whose petals resembled green leaves. "Now, isn't *this* a homely thing!" he exclaimed. "Well, it's the *Rosa monstrosa*, the famous green rose that somebody took the trouble to hybridize two hundred years ago. When it's in full bloom—if 'bloom' is the word—its flowers are a sickly bronze green. And getting back to the subject of names, over there is a specimen of the old Daily Mail, named for the London newspaper. It was bred by Joseph Pernet-Ducher, probably the greatest rose man there ever was, and also one of the stubbornest. Back in 1913, the *Mail* ran a contest, offering a prize of a thousand pounds for the best new fragrant rose, with the understanding that it would be christened with the name of the newspaper. Pernet's rose won. But then it turned out that he had already named it the Mme. Edouard Herriot, for the wife of a friend of his, the Lyon schoolteacher who later became the Premier of France. Well, he refused to change the name, and the newspaper finally wriggled out of an embarrassing predicament by giving him the prize anyway, and conceding that the rose could be called the Mme. Edouard Herriot on the Continent, but insisting that it be called the Daily Mail in England. There's a story behind the name Pernet-Ducher, too. Many of the great French rose-hybridizing families came from Lyon, which used to be the center of the industry in France. There's likely to be a certain amount of jealousy and secretiveness among rose hybridizers everywhere, and there certainly was among the pioneers in Lyon. Pernet's father was also a noted hybridizer, and while the son was learning the business, he fell in love with the daughter of Antoine Ducher, another great Lyon hybridizer. The daughter was Ducher's only child, and Ducher refused to allow her to marry anyone, or so it's said, because he wanted a Ducher to carry on his work and keep his name living after he died. Well, he did die, and his daughter agreed to marry young Pernet—but only on condition that he become Pernet-Ducher. Later, Pernet-Ducher spent twenty years trying to make a dream he had, of developing a pure-yellow garden rose, come true. Meanwhile, *his* son, Claudius, fell in love with the daughter of Pierre Guillot, still another celebrated Lyon hybridzer, and a bitter enemy of Pernet's. Well, what do

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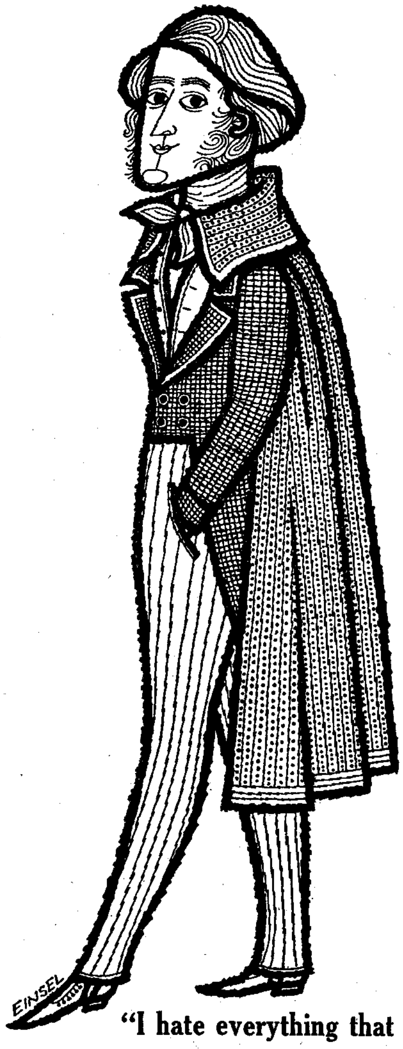

“I hate everything that bears the stamp of imitation,” said composer Carl Maria von Weber. He would have liked the unique quality of WQXR. Certainly advertisers do. Results for advertisers like American Mutual Insurance Companies of Boston prove: For WQXR's one million families, nothing takes the place of good music...nothing takes the place of WQXR

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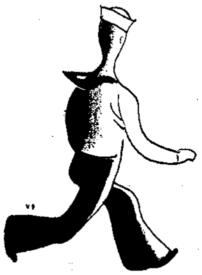
you know? Pernet refused his consent to that marriage! Then Claudius enlisted in the First World War, and he was killed just before his father realized his dream—his yellow hybrid tea, one of the most sensational roses ever produced. When it came out, in 1920, he named it the Souvenir de Claudius Pernet.”

Shaking his head at the perversity of Gallic hybridizers, Mr. Perkins walked on to a rose bed where half a dozen laborers were toiling, supervised by one of the company's gardeners. “Our gardeners become as attached to these roses as if they were their children,” he told me after exchanging greetings with the man. “From time to time, we have to drop some of the older varieties in our catalogue to make room for newcomers. Maybe the discards have never caught on, or their popularity is falling off, or their strain just begins petering out, as it's apt to do after fifteen or twenty years. Whatever the reason, we have to cull them out of the catalogue, and when we do, we naturally cull them out of the garden, too. But the gardeners can't see it that way, and it's terrible trying to get them to pull the plants up and destroy them. ‘By God, they're too pretty!’ they tell us.”

“What do you do with the discards?” I asked.

“Burn them, just as we do the test roses that we eliminate,” Mr. Perkins replied firmly. “We can't afford to fool around with unlisted, tail-end lots.” He looked about the garden, where only an occasional visitor was lingering now, and added, “You know, maybe we ought to call it a day. But before we leave, I want you to come up and have a look at our garden house.”

SLOWLY, we made our way to the garden house, a low structure, in Colonial style, at the south end of the garden, where visitors may rest when the joys of admiring roses under a June sun begin to pall. Entering a spacious lounge, we found several visitors lolling in comfortable chairs in front of a picture window that looked out on the sweep of color in the garden below. On one of the walls were some transparencies, lit from behind, of famous Jackson & Perkins roses, including the fifteen that have won A.A.R.S. awards—ten of them created by Mr. Boerner. “Gene's got more rose patents than any other living person, I guess,” Mr. Perkins said. “Must be over a hundred now. His floribunda Fashion—it's the seed parent of the Ivory Fashion you saw—is the only rose ever to win as many as nine international prizes. He's bred a lot of new border perennials, too, particularly chrysanthemums and delphiniums.” At one end of the lounge, a young blond receptionist was presiding over a guestbook, and as I signed it, I saw that the four visitors immediately preceding me had come from Des Moines, Munich, Palo Alto, and London. I had barely put down the pen when a small elderly woman with a slight limp and a shy manner approached the receptionist and said, “I just want to tell you how beautiful the garden is. I'd like to die right here.” The receptionist smiled and gave her a reassuring pat on the back of one of her thin hands.



“Come along and meet Edna Whitsitt,” Mr. Perkins said, leading me into an adjoining room used for flower arranging. “Edna's an author, a blue-ribbon judge, and a teacher of flower arrangements, who comes up from Scarsdale every year to help us with the festival. She directed the Sterling Bowl Tournament, and now she is doing the displays that will be photographed for our fall catalogue.”

Surrounded by large buckets full of cut roses, Mrs. Whitsitt, a smartly dressed middle-aged woman, was busy at a table covered with vases, scissors, strands of wire, and scraps of foliage. “This is a bad day to arrange flowers—too much wind,” she said as she deftly tucked two buds into a tall, handsome arrangement of Ivory Fashions. “But it's just too hot to close the windows.” She stood back from the flowers to view the effect, and then swiftly closed in on them. “Charlie, I'd like to put in two or three open blossoms,” she said to the president of Jackson & Perkins. “Would that be all right? The golden stamens are perfectly gorgeous, and the whole thing is going to have an easy, modern feeling.”

“Go right ahead,” said Mr. Perkins indulgently. “We're going to feature the stamens in the catalogue, anyway.” He explained to me that the greenhouse trade prefers to have roses photographed with tight buds, while garden-club people like them displayed in all stages of development.

“It's not easy to satisfy both groups,” Mrs. Whitsitt said, putting in an open blossom. “Well, no matter who else likes this, *I* like it.”

Mr. Perkins and I went back to the

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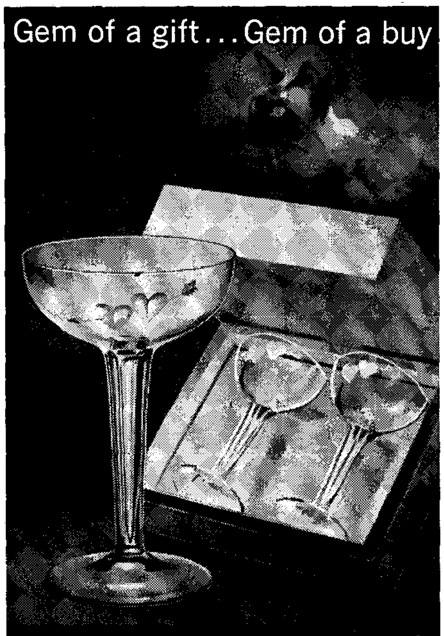

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administration building, and then drove to his house, a large, comfortable one surrounded by five acres of lawn and gardens on a street not far from Newark's Charles H. Perkins School, named after the co-founder. Some twenty-five people, among them Ralph and Carroll Perkins, had already turned up for dinner, which we ate on a terrace overlooking the back lawn—an old-fashioned buffet dinner of steak, vegetables, and fruits, all raised on the Perkins acres. Mrs. Perkins, an attractive, gray-haired woman, told me that ours was a trifling gathering for festival time, when she often served dinner for two hundred and fifty, but that she was suffering from arthritis and just wasn't up to a really big crowd.

After the meal, the guests sat around at tables on the lawn, cooling themselves with long drinks, and the talk was of roses. Our host mentioned a new hybrid tea that the firm had just decided to produce in marketable quantities. "Oh, it is beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Why, when you look at it standing up there on its slender, straight stem, it seems to be looking right back at you. A real humdinger!"

"Charlie, when are you going to let a rose be named after you?" a woman asked.

"Not while I'm alive," Mr. Perkins replied. "Dr. Nick felt the same way. His great aim, you know, was to breed a large everblooming pink climber. When he died, back in 1937, we found one among his seedlings that we knew he would have been proud of. So we named it after him—the Dr. J. H. Nicolas."

From somewhere in the gathering darkness came a man's voice: "I've got a great name you ought to give a rose this year."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Perkins hopefully.

"Satellite," the voice replied.

Mr. Perkins chewed on his cigar, and said at last, "Nope, too sombre. We want good cheery names for our roses."

The topical turn the conversation had taken reminded me that I had heard that just before the Second World War our host passed up an opportunity to become the American sponsor of what in many people's opinion is the greatest of all roses—the lemon-yellow, pink-edged hybrid tea now called Peace but known then as Mme. A. Meilland, after the mother of the French breeder who originated it, Francis Meilland. The Conard-Pyle nursery, of West Grove, Pennsylvania, bought the American rights to the rose but, because of the

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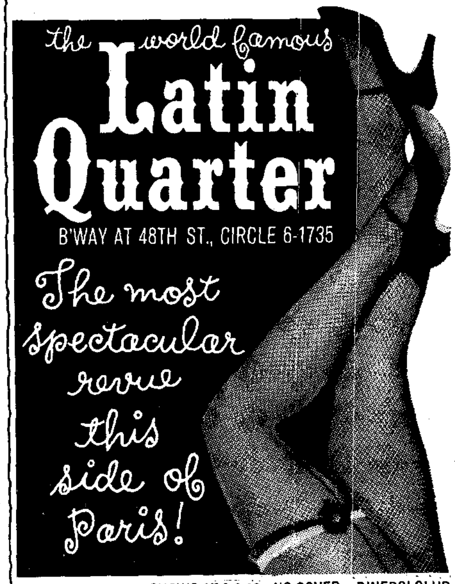

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war, did not begin immediately to produce it in quantity. Early in May, 1945, when one of the Conard-Pyle executives was idly trying to think up an American name for the rose, the news arrived of the fall of Berlin, and a few minutes later Mme. A. Meilland became Peace. The San Francisco Conference was in session, and the firm rushed what few specimens of the flower it had out to the Coast; as it happened, there were just enough to present a bouquet to each United Nations delegate, and almost before the petals began to fall, Peace was well on its way to becoming an international best-seller. Not long after this sensational sendoff, the American Rose Society accorded Peace the highest rating—nine point six—that any rose has ever received. Notwithstanding all the hosannas, a few intransigents have always had reservations about Peace—the complaint most often heard being that it is a bit too "buxom"—and during a lull in the conversation I asked Mr. Perkins if he was one of its detractors.

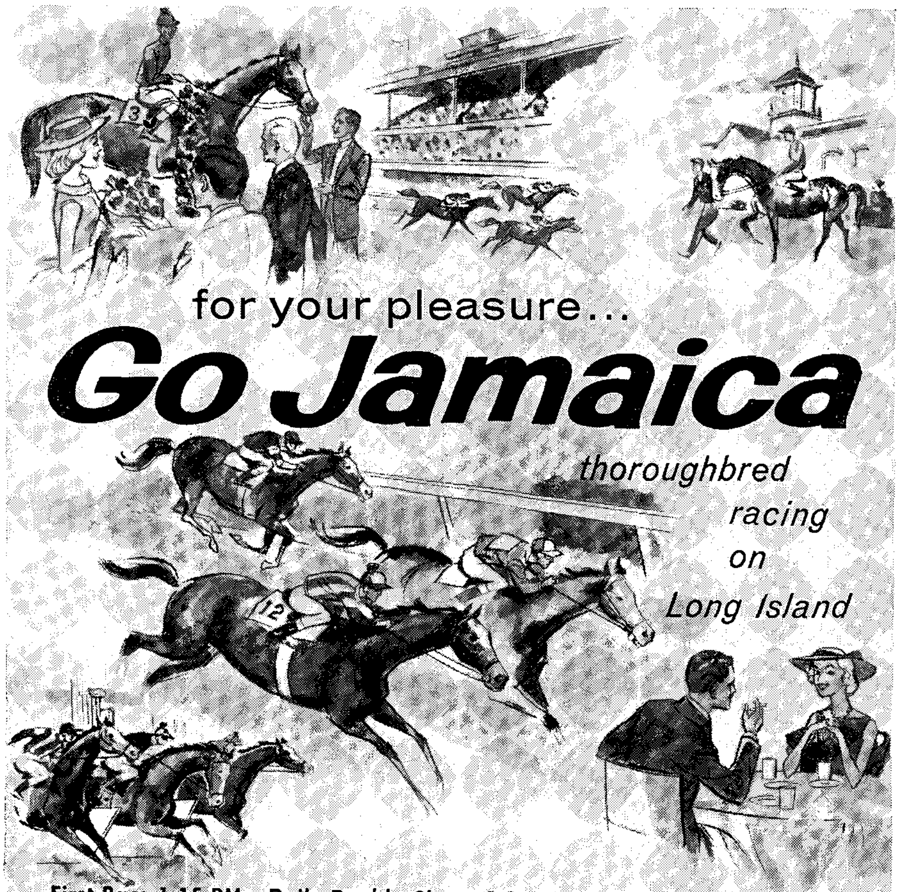
The lull at once became an acute silence, but this did not faze our host. "Nope," he replied without hesitation. "It's a good rose. But Meilland wanted thirty-three and a third per cent for the American rights, whereas fifteen per cent is usual and twenty per cent tops. That's why I refused it."

Later, as some of the guests were leaving, a few people broke into a quiet song. "That's the song we always sing here to guests when they're leaving the festival," Mr. Perkins told me as he stood up and waved goodbye. The tune was vaguely familiar, and the song ended something like this:

Goodbye, you are so nice to know,
We hate to see you go,
Come back to the roses.

LATE next morning, Matthew Bassity, who handles public relations for the firm, took me to watch the contestants prepare their exhibits for the Annual Rose Show. "This is the amateur's big day," he told me as we drove along. "There are ninety-nine contestants, and among them they're going to show over a thousand roses, each in its own vase. Oh, there'll be every variety of hybrid tea and floribunda. The top winner gets a silver trophy, and there are all sorts of other prizes, including a prize for the best vase. Right now, the contestants are working on their displays and worrying—in a tent we've set up for them alongside the garden house."

The tent turned out to be a huge green affair, about sixty feet by twenty,



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and the contestants—the men in sports shirts and slacks and the women in bright summer dresses—were busy at long rows of tables, unwrapping their flowers, putting them into or taking them out of buckets of water, and setting them up in their vases. As we made our way down the aisles, we saw specimens of practically every bloom out in the garden, and the commonest of all was the pink Gail Borden. Every now and then, I admired an especially beautiful flower, but on the whole I found it depressing to see the solitary roses, standing stiff and naked in their vases, after having seen them en masse in the garden, and I decided to pass up the awarding of the prizes, which was to take place at the garden house later in the day. After all, I hadn't come all the way to Newark to see cut flowers.

At lunchtime, Mr. Bassity and I went back to the Perkins house and ate out on the back terrace with pretty much the same group that had been at dinner the evening before, and there was pretty much the same talk. Afterward, Eugene Boerner stopped by and offered to show me the greenhouses, where the firm carries on the most extensive rose-breeding program in the country. In the trade, Boerner is often called Papa Floribunda, and I thought he looked the part—jovial and hearty, with a ruddy face, blue eyes, and a booming voice. In the buttonhole of his dark jacket was a half-open rosebud of a pure butter yellow, which he presented to me, saying, "Arlene Francis."

Taking the bud, I held it to my nose. "More than any other flower, that's the first thing people do with a rose—smell it," Mr. Boerner said, embarking briskly on his favorite subject. "Besides the pure attar-of-roses scent, roses have just about every kind of fragrance—lemon verbena, musk, vanilla, and spice, to name a few. They can even smell like tea—and that, of course, is how the tea rose got its name. I want all my roses fragrant. If you use fragrant parents, there's a ten-to-one chance you'll get fragrant progeny, but you can't be certain what *kind* of fragrance you'll get. I once made a cross of Crimson Glory, which has one of the nicest attar-of-roses scents you can find, and a nameless seedling, and came up with a variety that smelled like a geranium—and so we named it Geranium Red."

I had no place to wear the bud, so I handed it back to Mr. Boerner, and he cupped it in his hands, turning it around and admiring it as he continued talking. Then, abruptly, he popped it

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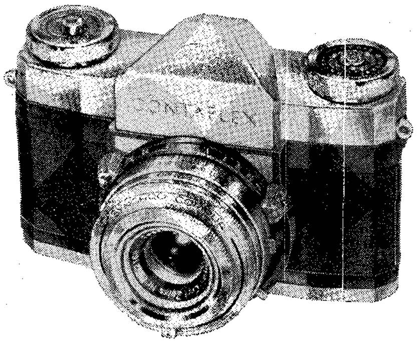

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into his mouth. After a moment, he removed it and sniffed it. "Don't worry," he said, laughing. "I wasn't going to eat it. Just warming it so I can smell it better. The fragrant oil is volatile, you know. In cold weather, I usually stick the blooms under my hat for a spell before trying to analyze the finer qualities of their scent." Feeling, perhaps, that the Arlene Francis had had enough of a workout for one morning, Mr. Boerner restored the bud to his buttonhole. During the drive to the greenhouses, he told me that he had first seen the Jackson & Perkins nursery in 1920, when, not long after receiving a degree in horticulture from the University of Illinois, he had been summoned to Newark to mastermind a war against a blight that was devastating the greenhouses. Having won the battle, he had been invited to stay on with the firm as a travelling salesman, a job he held until he succeeded Dr. Nicolas as head of the research department upon the latter's death, in 1937.

Jackson & Perkins has six rose greenhouses, and Mr. Boerner led me first into one that was given over entirely to his hybridizing program. Inside the entryway, near a sign reading "No Admittance Unless with Attendant," he took down a denim smock from the wall and put it on over his jacket. "I don't do all the actual pollinizing myself," he said. "I direct it, however. We're through with the program for this season—it starts in early March and ends in late May here at Newark—but I thought you might like to see how a hand cross is made. We don't believe in just pasting pollen—that is, making crosses at random and hoping that something good will result. No indeed—each cross *we* make has a particular end in view. We try out about three thousand combinations of parents a year, making ten crosses of each pair, and from each ten we get up to a hundred seeds to plant that let us know whether we're heading in the right direction." Moving over to a tall potted rosebush on a table, he called my attention to its marker—a card with six digits inscribed on it. "That's the code number for the variety," he explained. "We'll use it as the seed parent. Now then"—he brought forth a small pillbox from a pocket in his smock—"this holds the pollen from the male parent. You'll notice that its code number is written on the box. Every cross completed is entered in my bible," he went on, drawing a bulging black loose-leaf notebook from another pocket and opening it at random. "This

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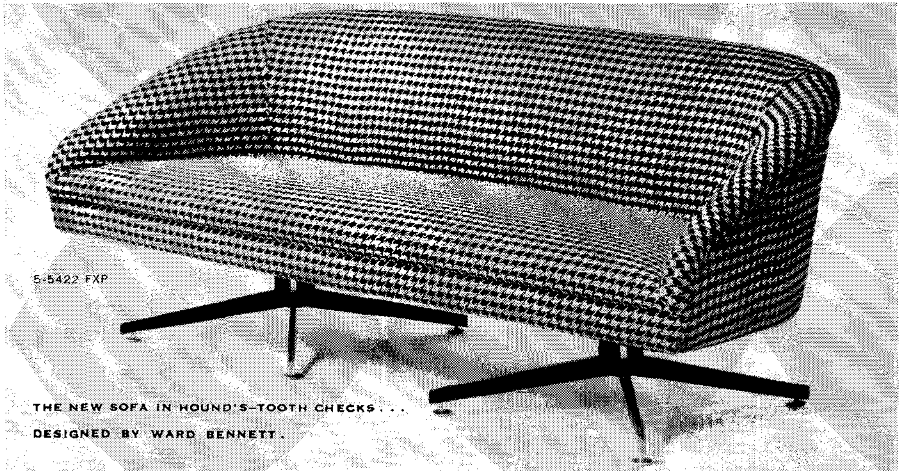

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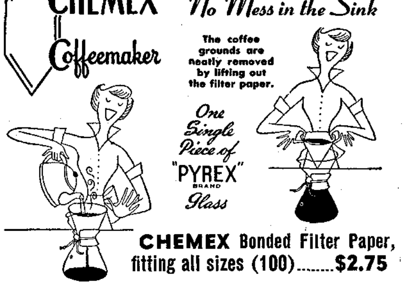

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page, for example, will contain the case history of the cross 52-1188 with 47-2113." Producing a pair of delicate tweezers from his smock, he turned back to the potted rose plant and, selecting one of its wide-open flowers, set to work, saying, "First, we'll remove the petals and stamens—the male organs—thus. That leaves only the female organs—the calyx, the styles, and the stigmas. There we are!" He opened the pillbox, revealing a few swirls of fine orange-tinted dust that barely covered its bottom, and reached for one of a number of small camel's-hair brushes whose tips, I now observed, protruded from a row of lesser pockets in his abundantly pocketed smock. "Always have enough brushes so that you can use a clean one each time," he admonished me. "And they must be sterilized in alcohol before they can be used again. If they aren't, the male parent of your seedlings will always be in doubt." He dipped the brush into the dust in his pillbox and, with four swift dabs, applied the pollen to the rose's stigmas. "There," he said, standing back. "Soon microscopic tubes will descend from the pollen grains through the stigmas and the styles to the ovary and fertilize the eggs, which will then become the seeds. They will be contained in a small pod—we call it the hip. Now we cover the fertilized flower for a few days with this little paper bag. There! That prevents insects—and wind, if the plant is outdoors—from violating the pollinations. And after we have done that, we wait. All in all, a very encouraging percentage of our crosses take—somewhere around seventy-five per cent. If this one takes, in about three months the hip will be ripe enough for us to pick it and extract the seeds. Now let's telescope the process by having a look at some hips ripening on plants that were pollinized two, four, six, or eight weeks ago."

Long rows of benches, crowded with flowerpots, stretched the length of the greenhouse. Up on a beam, a bird was singing; a thermometer we passed read 110 degrees. Mr. Boerner stopped before a bench of plants with orange or brown hips and a few sorry-looking roses. "We want these plants to concentrate on producing seeds rather than flowers," he said. "So they're being grown under pretty hard conditions—the harder the conditions are, the better the seeds are likely to be—and that's why the flowers look so scraggy. We used to have to wait a year or so for seeds to germinate, but we've cut it down to about three months by storing them for a spell in a cooler.

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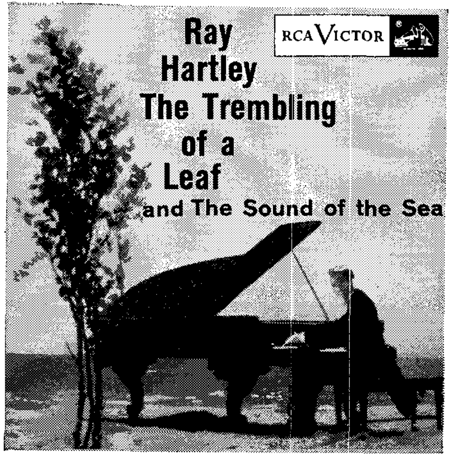

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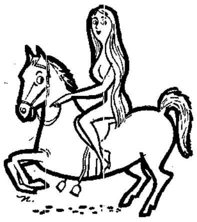

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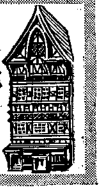

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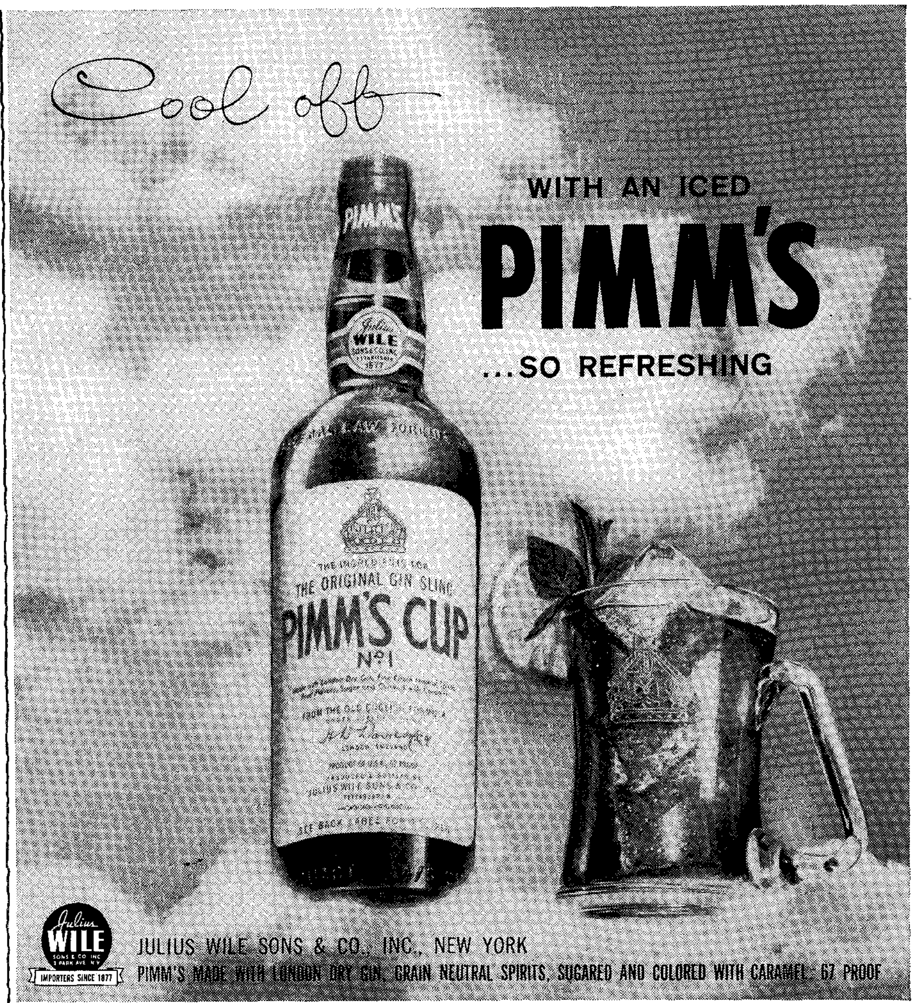
That simulates winter and speeds things up. After the cooler, we put the seedlings in the flats." He indicated some boxes, about four inches deep, filled with peat moss that stood on a bench nearby. "Then, when the seedlings are big enough, we transplant from the flats to pots—like these over here." He led me to some benches crammed with tiny pots; in each of them was a single rose plant, from three to four inches high, and some of the youngsters were already bearing a miniature flower or two. I asked if it was ever possible to spot a best-selling hybrid at this early stage of development. "Yes, but not often," he replied. "Some years ago, I stopped to examine a seedling even smaller than these, and all at once I had a feeling that it was going to be a winner. But, of course, I'd spent eight years trying for it, so I knew what to look for. Anyway, I bided my time, and it turned out to be one of the best yellow hybrid teas I've ever developed—Golden Masterpiece, which we introduced in 1953. Dr. Nick once showed more courage in trusting his judgment. One day, when, as it happened, there was a total eclipse of the sun, he came upon a four-inch seedling with a long, slender bud, and he just knew for certain that he had himself an outstanding new variety. So what did he do? He took the long chance and cut off the seedling's only two eyes—they're the little extrusions from the stem of a plant that later become buds, and later on I'll show you how we use them in the budding process. At any rate, cutting the eyes off so small a plant killed it, and if he'd run into a bit of bad luck somewhere along the line, he'd have lost the variety, but happily both eyes took, and became the famous Eclipse rose—a yellow hybrid tea—which went on to win several international medals and to become one of the grandparents of the Arlene Francis."

Bordering the next aisle were rows of larger pots in which seedlings transplanted from the beginners' pots had reached a height of nearly twenty inches. Although some of the plants had bravely put forth three or four flowers, all of them had the unpromising look of stringy, gangling adolescents, and I remarked that it was beyond me how one could size up the prospects of a rosebush at this stage. Mr. Boerner laughed, and said, "Well, anybody can cross-pollinate. The trick is to consider the offspring in the light of what you know about the characteristics of their parents and their parents' par-



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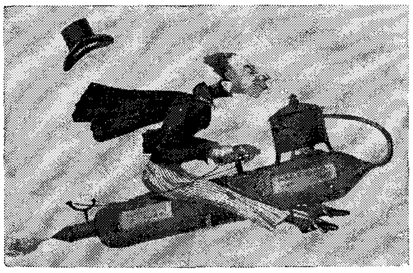
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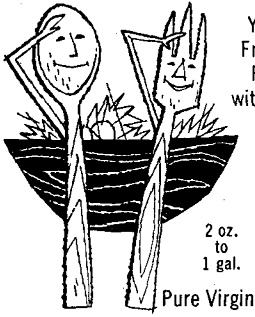
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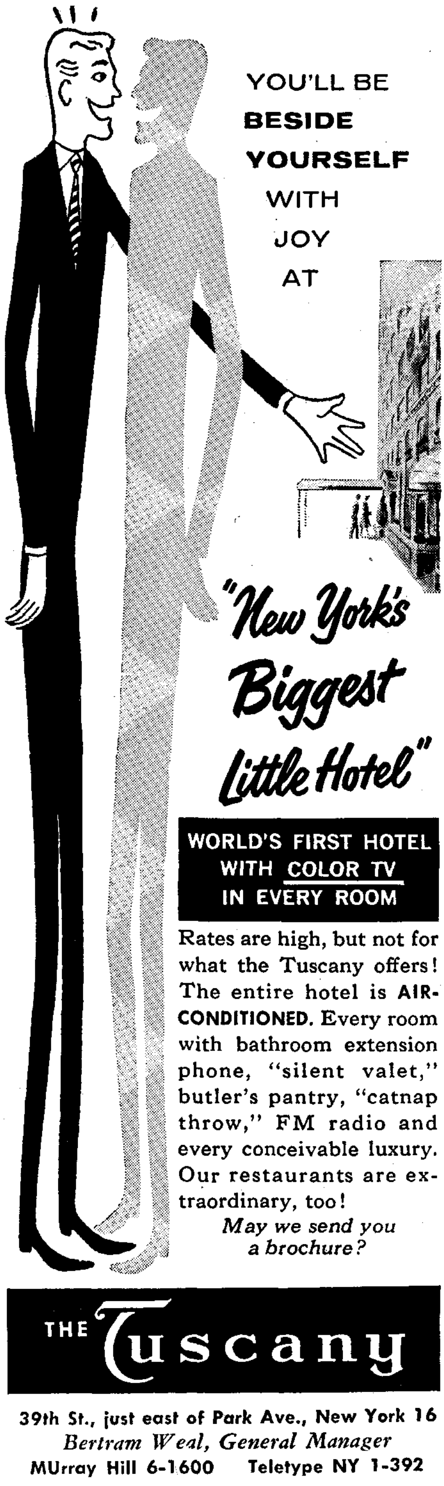

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ents and then figure out what you've got. But that's not all. You've also got to keep a sharp eye out for minute changes in leaves, stems, and thorns—as well as in the flowers—that may mean all the difference between the routine and the extraordinary. When you live with these seedlings—examining each of them every morning, as our greenhouse manager and I do—you get to know them pretty well. Now, look at this one." He pointed out a plant whose small yellow blossoms were blotched with red. "It probably doesn't look like much to you, but I can tell by its leaves, as well as by certain other aspects of its whole structure, that it is working toward the particular objective I'm after. This is a first-generation seedling, and such seedlings rarely hit the bull's-eye all by themselves. But it gives me reason to believe that I may come up with what I've been hoping for within five or six generations. You see, my next step will be to use this seedling as the female parent, and to pepper it with the pollen of its male parent, a yellow. This will give me a second generation more in line, I hope, with the variety I've got in mind. Then I'll repeat the process for the third generation, and so on, until, if I'm lucky, I get the rose I'm aiming for. And even if I don't, I can always substitute a new parent, either seed or pollen, that has a quality missing in the cross, and that would give me another chance to succeed."

Mr. Boerner's enthusiasm had been mounting perceptibly, but now his face clouded, and after a moment's reflection he said sombrely, "The trouble is that until someone finds a way of firming down rose hybrids, as they've done with wheat—stabilizing the new varieties, you might say, so that they reproduce true from seed—we can never be sure of what's going to turn up from generation to generation. We *may* get the reliable Mendelian response from a crossbreeding, but the hitch is that we can't count on it. Come over this way and let me show you why rose hybridization is such an unpredictable business. All the seedlings on this bench came from the same hip, yet, as you can see, hardly any two of them have the same kind of blossoms—one shade of red here, another there. But while this instability often drives a rose hybridist nearly crazy, it also presents him with a challenge, for he may always spot an unsuspected winner if he is constantly on the alert, even if it's not the exact hybrid he was trying for. Take the two well-known floribundas Fashion and Vogue, for instance. The first is a coral-peach, and the second is a cherry, yet they originated from seedlings that came from the same hip. Did you know, by the way, that Fashion started the trend toward coral-peach that has been taken up by so many rose breeders today? Not only that, but it justified its name by exerting some influence on women's fashions, thanks to Neiman-Marcus, in Dallas. Back in 1949, when they introduced Fashion in their store down there, they had a lot of models wear coral-peach dresses and makeup to match, and they put out coral-peach bedspreads, handbags, and whatnot. The next season, coral-peach was one of the big fashion colors."

Inching our way along, while Mr. Boerner showed me specimens that illustrated now the joys and now the sorrows of hybridizing, we came to another batch of potted rosebushes, and as his gaze wandered over them, he sighed with satisfaction. "These represent the final step in the preliminary part of our experimental program," he said. "These are the promising seedlings—about thirty-five hundred of them in this year's crop of more than ten thousand. They're being sorted out here for testing either as garden or as greenhouse roses—or, in some cases, both. The garden seedlings will go into experimental blocks out in the fields. Those experimental blocks are my particular babies. Every day, I go through them with a dictating machine, and talk out my impressions of them, so that I can always turn back and compare what I see now with what I saw, say, six months ago. Most of the seedlings in the blocks stay out there a year or two, and then we select the first few varieties that we think are worth going ahead with in our test gardens. But some of them may stay out there as long as ten years—in case the market's too crowded with similar varieties at the moment, or we feel that the public isn't quite ready for them yet."

Mr. Boerner's paternal regard for the experimental blocks now led him to propose that we skip the rest of the greenhouses—given over entirely to developing varieties for the cut-flow-

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er florist trade—and get along out there. "It's not that developing new hothouse varieties is any less exciting than working with garden roses," he assured me. "We put our florist's roses through a rigorous three-year testing period, and basically our approach to both kinds is the same. In fact, one of our biggest accomplishments this year has been to bring out—and we've been working on this for a long while—some greenhouse floribundas in a whole range of colors. But the cut-flower business presents its own special problems, and naturally they're of more interest to a florist than to anybody else."

We drove out over sunny, sparkling acres of farm country toward the experimental blocks. Mr. Boerner's spirits were rising. It wouldn't be long now, he told me, before he left on his annual scouting trip abroad, to find out what European hybridists had been up to during the past year. He would probably return, as usual, with three or four hundred new varieties, and after testing them all, Jackson & Perkins would whittle the lot down to perhaps four or five. "I'll never forget the trip I made in the summer of 1939," he said. "The idea was that I was to scour the Continent and bring back as many new hopefuls as I could before the war broke out." Laden with sacks containing ten thousand cuttings bearing the buds of twelve hundred varieties, he left Europe two weeks before the war started, and caught the Aquitania on her last civilian trip back to New York. After the ship cleared port, he sought out the captain and persuaded him to order the kitchen staff to make room for the sacks in the ship's meat refrigerator. "I was careful to specify the meat refrigerator," Mr. Boerner said, interrupting his narrative to stress a fine but important point. "Never put roses in a refrigerator along with vegetables and fruits, because these give off ethylene, and that's bad for plants. But to get back to my trip—several famous roses came from the cuttings in those sacks. Pinocchio, for example. Kordes—it was one of his—thought I was crazy to bother with it. That was one time he was proved wrong, for we relied heavily on the Pinocchio in our development of the floribundas."

The experimental blocks lay well out beyond the greenhouses and the display garden. We drove between large plantings of other flowers that stretched on either side in broad bands of color—the orange and salmon of poppies, the white of Shasta daisies, the bright yellow

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of evening primroses, and the dark red of Monardas. Here and there, interspersed among these plantings, was a bright-green patch of field that had been sown to rye or clover, to give it a breathing spell. Next, we went past stands of conifers and shade trees—dark-green taxus, lighter-green junipers, dark-red Japanese maples, and pale-green, lacy willows. Along the way were several white frame or red brick farmhouses occupied by fieldworkers and their families, and near one of these was a short row of towering pin oaks—the remnants of what many years before had been a nursery of saplings.

"Now we're coming to the roses," Mr. Boerner announced triumphantly. "Those fields over there are planted with rows of wild multiflora understock we set out this spring. We have about a million and a half rosebushes growing to marketable size here at Newark at any given time, eight million out in California, and ten million in Arizona. If we tried to grow them all in one place, we wouldn't be sure of having the minimum of ten million rosebushes we need to fill our annual orders. For one thing, it would be impossible to round up enough seasonal labor at any one place just at the times we needed it. For another, we have greater flexibility this way, because out West the growing season is about three months longer, so we can plant earlier, bud earlier and longer, and dig later. Most of our understock here at Newark comes from the West, by the way, because it's so easy to grow there compared to here; they just stick the multiflora cuttings in the ground outdoors in November and then sit back and wait for them to root over the winter."

Mr. Boerner pulled up near where two men were working between two of the rows of understock. "Now, take that team," he said. "The older fellow is the budder, and the younger one's an apprentice. We don't start our full-scale budding program for a month or so, but those chaps are working on a little advance project we're tinkering with. It would hardly be worth your while to come back and watch us then, because if you've seen one budding, you've seen them all. Come on, let's have a look." Leaving the car, we walked toward the men. The budder was carrying a wooden box filled with branches of a new hybrid, each stripped of its leaves and about a foot long, with half a dozen plump eyes bulging from its surface. As we watched, he lifted a branch from the box and, with a knife,

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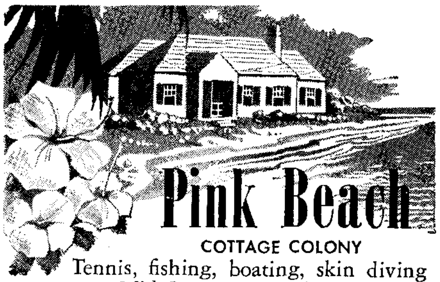

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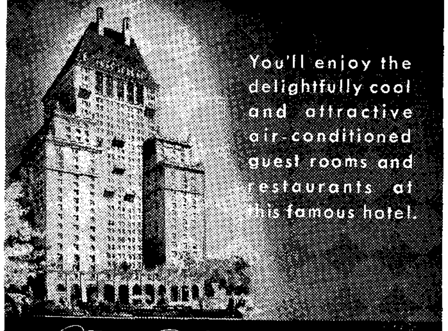
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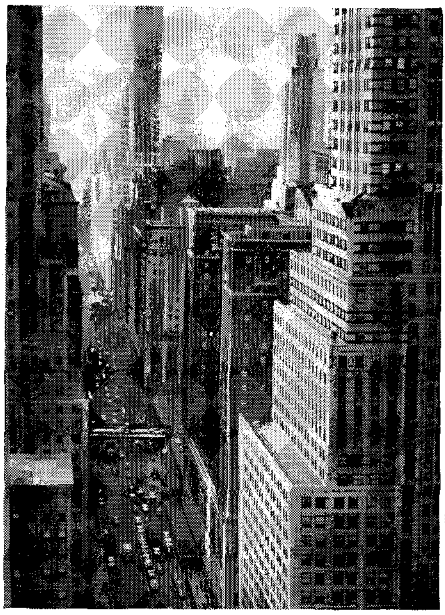
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cut off a portion of the bark a little over an inch long and shaped like a shield. It had one of the eyes at its center. Then he knelt beside one of the understock plants and cut two gashes in the shape of a T—the vertical one approximately an inch long and the other a fourth that length—in the stem beneath its lowest branches. With his knife blade, he then parted the bark at the intersection of the two incisions and pried it back to reveal the plant's tissue. Taking the bud shield, he gently but firmly thrust it into the cut and replaced the bark until only the eye was left exposed. Then his helper bound the wound tight with a rubber band. "And that's how we do our budding," Mr. Boerner said as we walked back to the car. "Eighteen days from now, or thereabouts, that eye will have become—to all intents and purposes except ours—just a natural appendage of the understock. The chances are that it will remain dormant—that it won't actually bud—until next spring. Then, before the understock has a chance to start growing, we'll cut it down to within an inch of the bud. That way, all the food from the root system will pour into the bud to help it send out shoots, and those shoots will become the stems of a new plant. By the following fall, it will have grown into a good-sized bush, and we'll dig it up and ship it for fall planting or store it for shipment the following spring."

On our way back to the greenhouses, we stopped briefly to have a look at the nursery's two test gardens—the proving grounds where rosebushes spend their last two years or more before being discarded or approved and released for mass production. "We keep tabs on them here—in natural, out-in-the-open conditions—just as we do on the seedlings in the greenhouses," Mr. Boerner said. "In the first test garden, where we leave them for a year or so, we've got five or six plants of each of about five thousand varieties. By the start of the second year, we'll probably have selected three hundred varieties, which will be moved into the second test garden. Meanwhile, we send specimens of the varieties that have survived the tests to a hundred or so test stations, run mostly by independent amateur growers, in all parts of the country, to make sure they'll stand up under other growing conditions. If at least eighty per cent of the stations report favorably on a variety—and if we ourselves have been unable to detect some last-minute flaw—we begin to consider putting it into mass production. About two-thirds of the varieties that are still

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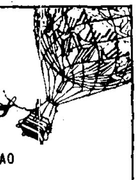

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in the running at the start of the second-test-garden phase are eliminated before that crucial season is over. And, believe it or not, despite all this vigilance, sometimes a variety that gets a clean bill of health from the second test garden will betray some peculiar quirk after it's gone into production. When that happens, there's nothing to do but to dispose of it as if it were a laggard seedling found wanting in its first greenhouse tests. For example, we've got a plump pink hybrid named Winston Churchill, and until recently the plan was to put it on the market. But we grew more and more uneasy over a slight reluctance the buds seemed to show about opening under certain combinations of climate and soil. And so we decided to drop it after all. I got hold of the Winston Churchill during my tour of Europe four years ago, and while many others in that season's batch long ago fell by the wayside, it kept in the running until this year. But, in the end, we burned every Winston Churchill we had.

"Oh, yes, before we leave, you might be interested in the story behind that climber over there with the garish pink blossoms," he said. "Charles Perkins thinks it's a dreadful-looking thing, which it is, and hates to have me keep it around. I hang on to it, though, because, while it has no charm, it's an exceptionally vigorous grower and bloomer, and I might be able to use it in pollination someday. Well, what I was going to say is that it's an obsolete variety, but a few years ago a man foisted it on the public as something brand-new. He made terrific claims for it and cleaned up nearly two hundred thousand dollars before the government closed in on him. That's a sample of the shenanigans you sometimes encounter on the outer fringes of the rose business."

THE next day was the last of the festival, and the only item on the program was the Antique Car Tour. The younger guests at the Perkins house, together with a respectable percentage of the older contingent, went off to see it. Although much of the excitement over the event—stirred up by the distant sounds of wildly tooting horns—was evident among those who remained, it was not quite enough to induce me to go out and see for myself. My involvement with roses over the past two days had been too powerful to permit any quick switch to Pierce-Arrows.

After lunch, when I came down-

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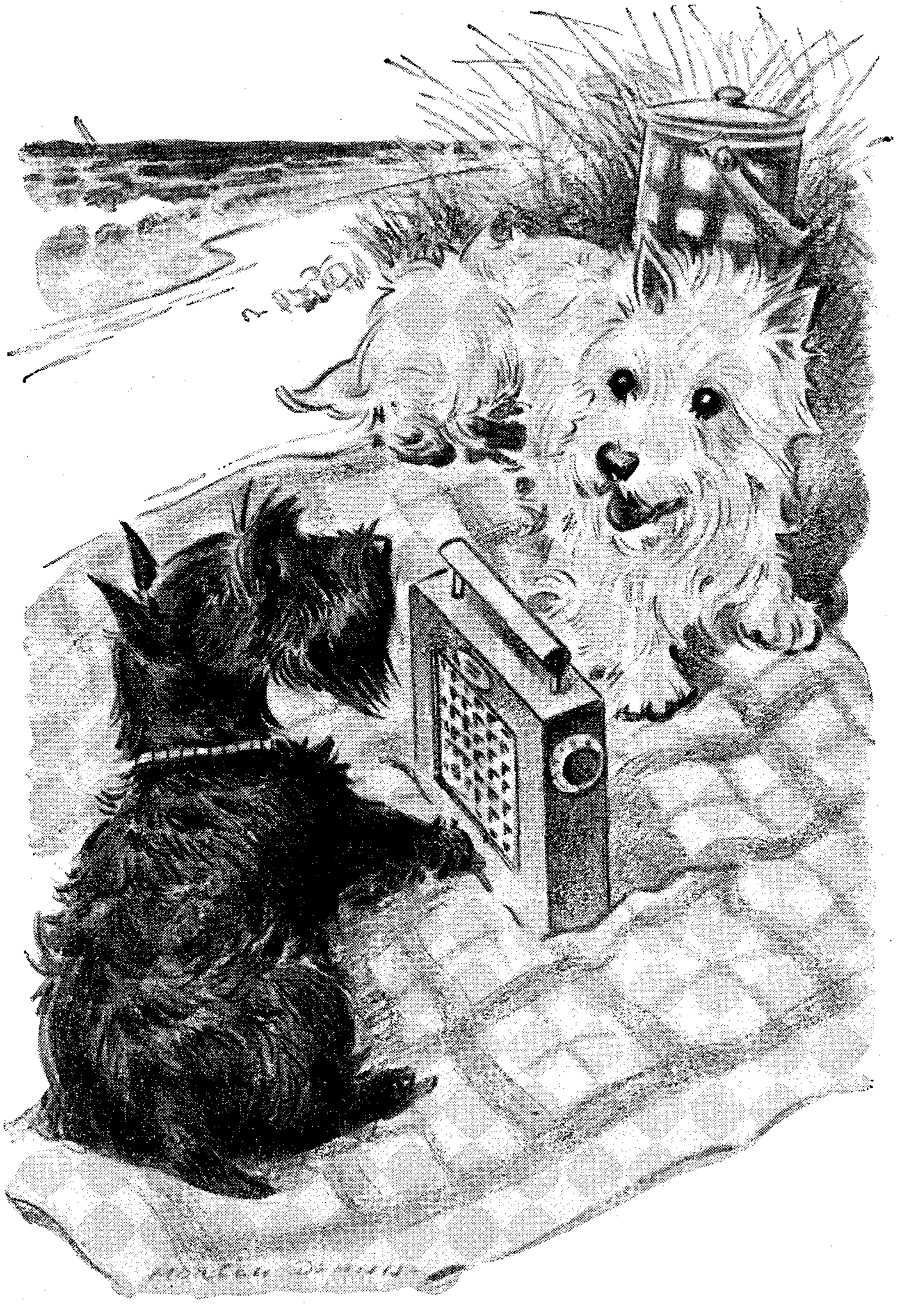

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stairs with my overnight bag to say goodbye, Mrs. Perkins pinned a corsage of Spartans on my dress, and somebody pressed a parcel of the company's latest literature on me—vivid words with vivid pictures. I drove back to New York bemused with thoughts of beauty, botany, and, of course, business.

—KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN IRELAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph & Morning Post*]

FAIRIES CAUSE
STRIKE THREAT

WORKERS WILL NOT
OFFEND THEM

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

DUBLIN, Sunday

A fairy story will enliven Mr. de Valera's pre-Budget Cabinet meeting to-morrow. At the meeting the Prime Minister will have to decide whether his Cabinet believes in fairies or whether to punish 20 State employees because they do.

Twenty employees of the State land commission have refused to build a fence through a piece of land at Belmullet, Co. Mayo, because it is known locally as a onetime palace of the fairies, the Little People.

Threats of dismissal have not dissuaded them. Mr. Anthony Mannion, the land superintendent, has searched in vain for anyone who is prepared to build the fence.

A report has been made to Mr. Childers, Minister for Lands. He will ask for guidance from the Cabinet.

EFFECT OF DISMISSALS

Dismissal of the men would bring against Mr. Childers the full weight of local superstitions and of the 30,000-strong men's union.

Mr. J. Lindsay, the local Dail Deputy and a former Minister, said: "I have heard all about it and I know the area well. There is a great deal of superstition there and there is not much that can be done about it."

•

LOS ANGELES CALIF JUNE 9
GEORGE WELTNER
PARAMOUNT FILM DISTRIBUTING CORP
PARAMOUNT BLDG TIMES SQUARE NYK

I FEEL I MUST INFORM YOU OF THE OUTSTANDING RESULTS WE ARE ENJOYING ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN OUR CACTUS DRIVE-IN THEATER TUCSON ARIZONA OUR GROSS THROUGH THE SIXTH DAY IS THE HIGHEST BY A CONSIDERABLE MARGIN OVER ANY OTHER RESULT WE HAVE EVER OBTAINED. OUR GROSS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY WAS ONLY LIMITED BECAUSE OF CAPACITY. THOUGH WE ALWAYS OPERATED ON A POLICY OF CHILDREN FREE IT HAS BEEN MY BELIEF THAT THIS GREATEST OF ALL MOTION PICTURES IS WORTHY OF THE REASONABLE ADMISSION FOR CHILDREN AND INCREASED ADMISSION FOR ADULTS. IT IS EVIDENT THAT MY PATRONS IN ATTENDANCE THROUGH THE SIXTH DAY ARE OF THE SAME OPINION . . .—*Adv. in Variety.*

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.

THE AIR

Summer Thoughts

SOMEWHERE in town, perhaps in the back room of a laundry on Madison Avenue, is the headquarters of the watch, ward, & detergent society to which C.B.S., N.B.C., Young & Rubicam, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and other big song users send lyrics to be expurgated for use on radio and television. I wrote some notes a few months ago about this outfit's work, which is quick, thorough, and, in the main, safe. They were the people who removed suggestions of bigamy from the song "Casey Jones" by arranging to have Mrs. Jones tell her fatherless children, "I'll getcha another papa on the Salt Lake Line," instead of "You've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line." In the song "I Get a Kick Out of You," they replaced "cocaine" with "perfume from Spain," apparently in the belief that the latter is non-habit-forming. A reader reminded me that the society also does French work, to the point of coining infinitives; on the air, the punch line of "Auprès de Ma Blonde" has become "*Qu'il fait bon vivir*" (*sic*), instead of "*Qu'il fait bon dormir*." I hadn't seen or heard much evidence of the society's activities in recent months. Then, just the other evening, during "The Bob Crosby Show" (Channel 4, 8-9 P.M., Saturdays), I noticed the old laundry mark again—attached, this time, to a remarkably subtle and confusing feat of purification. The lyric of the song "Anything Goes," as Cole Porter wrote it, includes (or included) the following passage:

Good authors, too, who once knew better words,
Now only use four-letter words,
Writing prose.

On the Crosby show, the same passage was sung like this:

Good authors, too, who once knew better words,
Now only use three-letter words,
Writing prose.

I happened to be listening closely (why, I don't remember), and the change from the original text struck me forcibly. So did its implications. They go beyond the fact that four-letter words tend—in the hands of authors—to be dirty. They raise the point that the expression "four-letter words" is in itself unfit for use in a family medium, because it contains a reference to four-letter words.

I don't know how long the expurgated version of "Anything Goes" has been standard on the air; I don't always listen to songs as hard as I listened the other night. Possibly the change dates back quite a way. The Madison Avenue group, as part of its service, does cover-up work, so it becomes difficult in time for a listener to prove that things he thinks he remembers in a song were ever there. I made this discovery last year, while trying to track down a purgative adjustment in the words of the verse of "The Birth of the Blues." Here and there along the trail, singers, publishers, disc jockeys, and other experts raised their right hands and swore that there had never been a change. I'm pretty sure they meant what they said, though it turned out that they were wrong. They were cat's-paws in a cunning campaign of suggestion that is designed, as I see it, to undermine the sanity of every song lover over the age of eighteen, while protecting the morals of everyone else. Thanks to the existence of certain documents, there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Porter did use the phrase "four-letter words" in the lyrics of "Anything Goes." It seems clear, too, that at some later moment in the march of progress, a couple of watch-and-warders whom I'll describe as Harry and Al sat down to tackle the problem as follows:

HARRY: What's another way of saying "four-letter words"?

AL: How about - - - -?

HARRY: How about *what*?

AL: - - - -. It's a well-known substitute. I saw it in a Zane Grey story once. Or maybe Dreiser.

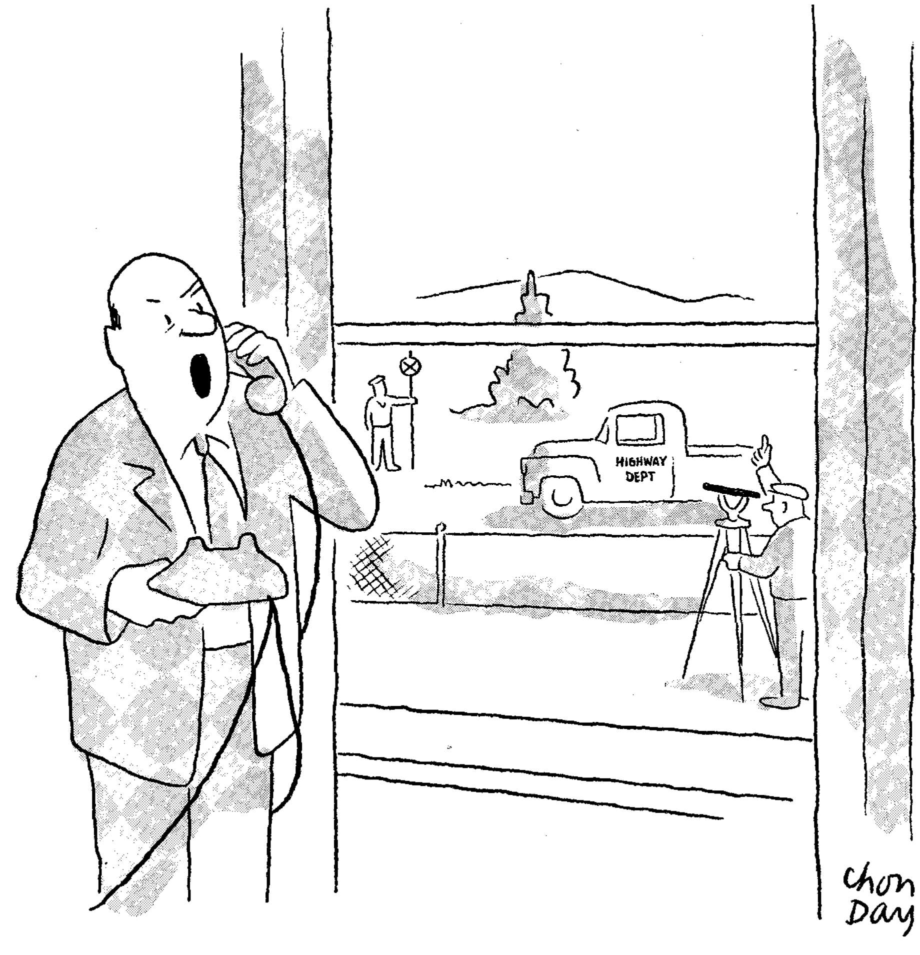
HARRY: But you can't sing that. You can't even hear it.

AL: No. I guess you're right. How about ****?

HARRY: Same difference. I can't tell whether you're saying ***, ****, or *****.

AL: ***! There's an angle! Instead of four, three. What's the line?

HARRY: "Good authors, too, who



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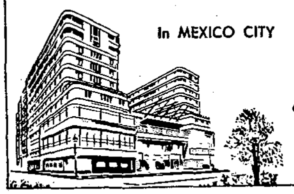


In MEXICO CITY
Hotel del Prado
Traditionally The Finest

once knew better words, now only use four-letter words, writing prose." Nice beat. And he goes on to say, "Anything goes!"

Al: So make it "three-letter words"! Same beat, but a wholesome message. Dinah could feel decent singing it. So could Bob Crosby.

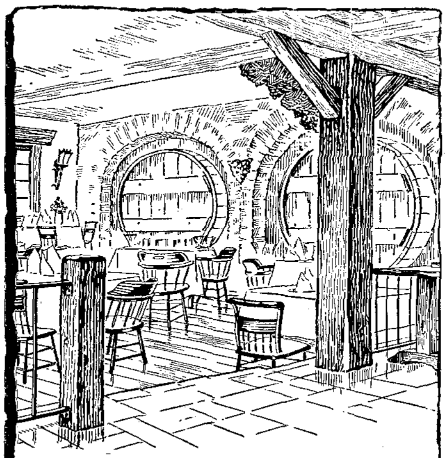
Harry (*slowly*): Yeah. Yeah. Maybe that'll do it. But, listen, it still goes on to say, "Anything goes!" Don't that add up wrong, Al? Ain't there a sinister connotation there, like before? Ain't we implying that these rotten, stinking, irresponsible authors will raise hell just the same, only with three-letter words? I hate to knock a good angle, but—

Al: Then don't knock it. There's no such thing as a dirty three-letter word.

My first reaction to the revised lyric was the same as Al's. Like him, I visualized a system of taut but stainless prose that might, as a matter of fact, revolutionize the art of writing with its rhythms. "The fat red dog bit the leg off the shy cat, and all she did was cry and cry. Why, you ask? Why not? She was now shy one leg." Since then, however, I've considered the case more carefully, and what I've come to realize is that perfect security is hard to achieve in the entertainment business. If there are no dirty three-letter words, there are three-letter words that can be made, by the wrong sort of author, to conjure up images of debauchery, such as "sin," "bed," "hay" (used by unscrupulous writers as a variant for "bed"), and even, in certain circumstances, "yes." You can bet that the public will begin to think along these lines before the song has been sung many more times in its present version. I'm inclined to recommend that Madison Avenue make a further change, to "Now only use two-letter words, writing prose." The only off-color two-letter word I can think of is "It," as used in the nineteen-twenties to describe the fleshly allure of Clara Bow. If the boys feel that "It" is dangerous, they may as well proceed without delay to the ultimate format:

Good authors, too, who once knew better
  words,
Now only use one-letter words,
Writing prose.
Anything goes!

ON a recent Monday, I watched the débuts of four daytime contest programs; namely, "Play Your



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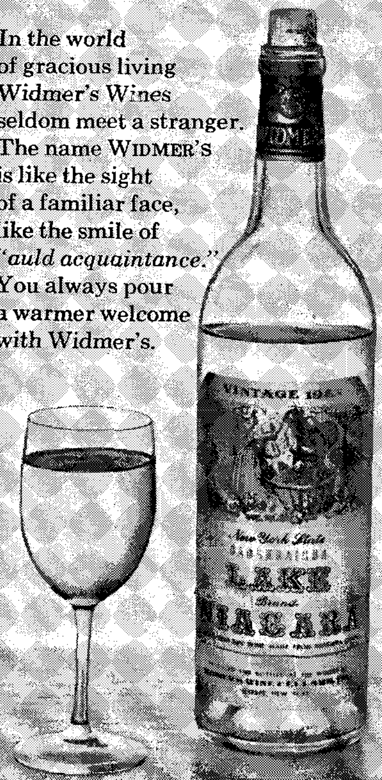
Hunch," "Lucky Partners," "Haggis Baggis," and "For Love or Money." Each program runs five days a week. Each gives away prizes to winning contestants. Now, there's a special quality about prizes on daytime programs that you have surely noticed—I *mean, their almost matchless undesirability.* If you follow me, I'll move along to a play-by-play report of the opening performance of "For Love or Money" (Channel 2, 10-10:30 A.M., Mondays through Fridays), at which time *the spirit of human resistance* to daytime prizes reached its fullest flower.

The word "love" in the title of "For Love or Money" is meant to be a synonym for prizes. The show is unusual among daytime programs in that it offers cash as an alternative to love. The money is hard to come by in any serious amount. A kind of electronic roulette ball, called "the dancing decimal," darts from side to side of a stated figure, such as 01400, and determines the payoff as it comes to rest: $.01, $.14, $1.40, $14, $140, or $1400. As any bookmaker's infant child could tell you, the chances of winning a respectable bundle are only two in six. The odds, therefore, are two to one against the player who goes for the cash instead of for a prize that is worth (or is said to be worth) $140. I'll detain you no longer with the laws of Pascal. It's enough to say that the players I watched on "For Love or Money" were game to the core in their fight for the dignity of man. The house showed an automatic dryer, worth $239.95, to a young Navy officer; he went like a streak for the option, and settled, with a faint smile of relief, for $.02. They flashed a cut-glass punch bowl, laden with champagne and caviar, at a young bride from Britain; she eagerly bucked the odds, and won $140. "That was the value of the bowl," said Bill Nimmo, the announcer. "Congratulations. You broke even." Broke even? The girl almost laughed in his face.

She was, as it happens, a very tactful guest. A few minutes later, the management offered her permanent possession of a portable Big-Boy Barbecue, plus a bag of charcoal. She murmured a few smooth words of apology for the climate of England, which, as she pointed out, can make barbecuing an uncertain joy at best, even with a Big-Boy. She then jumped into the crap game again, and won $649.50. It was clear that she would have been content with $.06. As things turned



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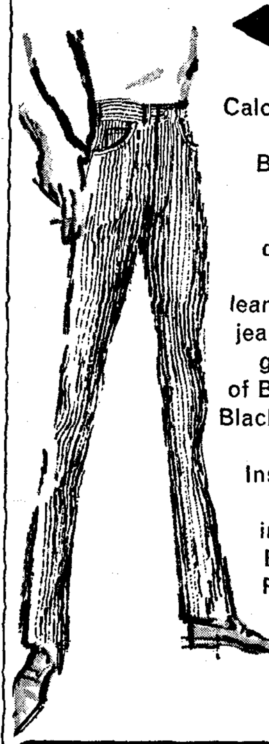

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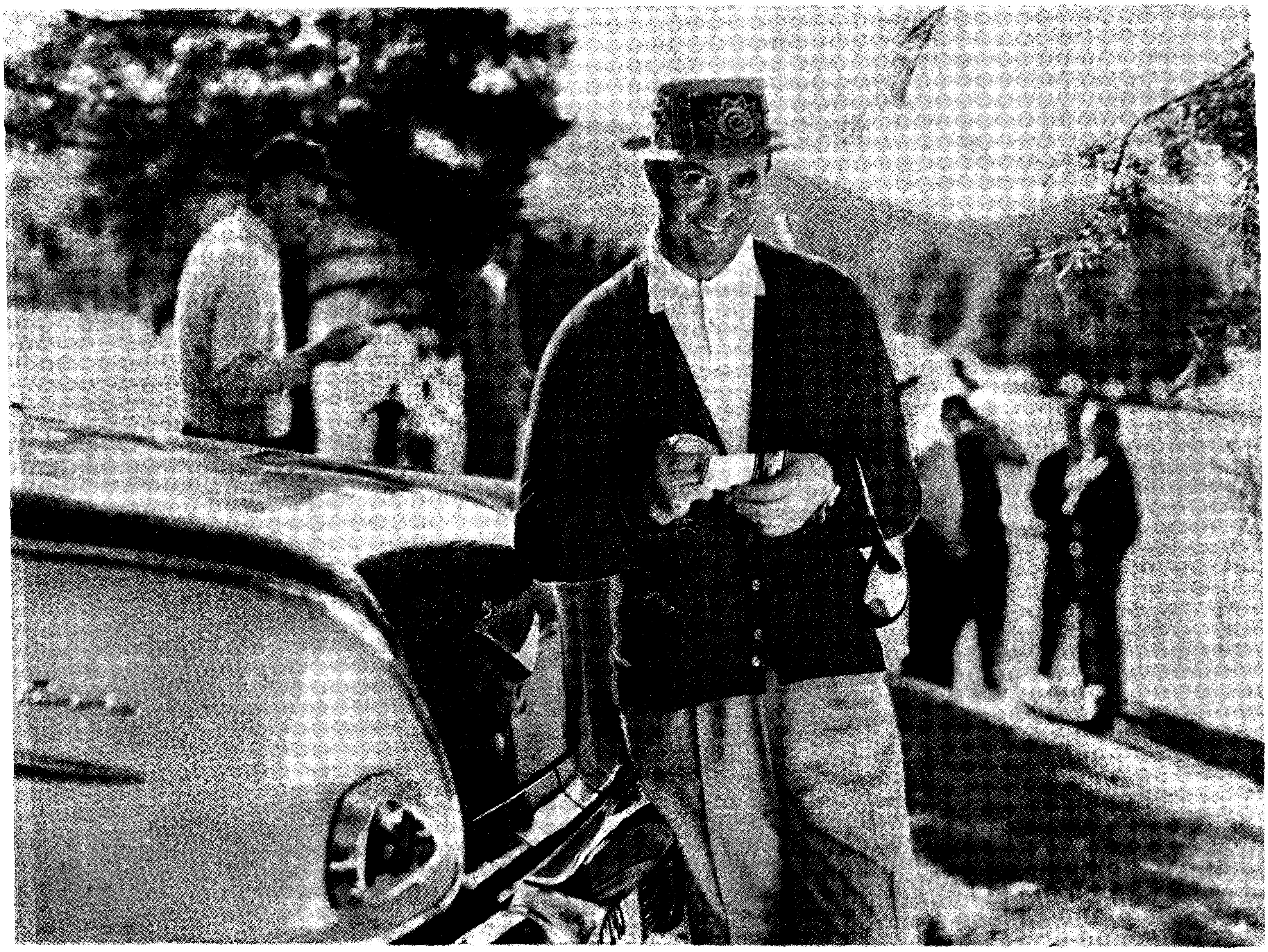
MR. SAM SNEAD'S GOT THE HERTZ IDEA...



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And Sam Snead's one man who's been on the go enough to know! For 20 years he's played all the big ones. Finishing a tournament in Augusta one day, he might have to start another in Chicago the next. So he flies or takes a fast train, rents a new Hertz car *there*. That's The Hertz Idea!

It works anywhere, too. For Hertz has more offices *by far* where you can rent a new Turboglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car.

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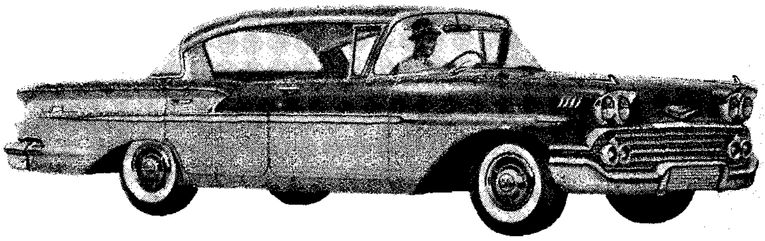
And be sure to ask about "Rent it here . . . Leave it there" service! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



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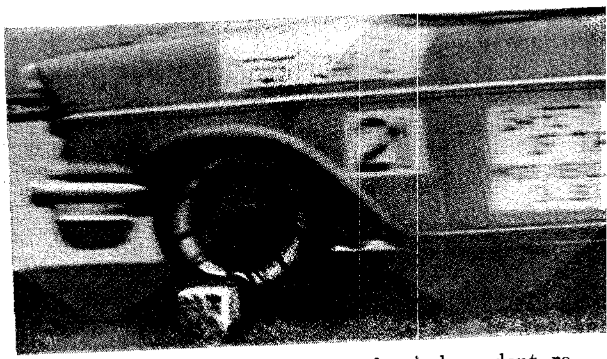


Proved impact resistance—by independent research tests. After repeated impacts at 20, 40 and 60 miles per hour, rayon tire cord remained undamaged, though steel wheel rim was bent, car body frame cracked!

out, she scored a great victory for the human spirit.

With respect to the other new contest programs, I'm reminded of a stanza from Nick Kenny's epic poem "Salute to General David Sarnoff":

From the earth's far ends he gathers
Music, sports, romance, and fiction,
Giant bands of syncopation,
Reeds and brasses, strings and woodwinds,
Poets, preachers, educators,
Crooners, tenors, pompous bassos,
Baritones, and sweet sopranos. . . .
Instant news from far-off countries
At the turning of a dial.

The next few lines can now be paraphrased:

He has added Haggis Baggis,
Black and white and rainbow-colored,
To his dream of helping mankind.

—John Lardner

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MARKETING SCENE

[*A letter received by a man in Los Angeles*]

Dear Mr. Lewis:

We subscribe to one of those business surveys you read about in the newspapers, the kind that tells you whether business is going up or down.

We don't know why we subscribe to it, we know damn well whether business is going up or down, since our Mister Appleton, who's been watching the books since we started, tells us in a very loud voice the first Monday of every month.

Well, anyway, we were reading this survey, to get our money's worth, and we came to a department which gives tips how to increase business. The tip this month is to write a chatty, informative letter to our customers. The magazine says it is very important to keep our relationship "going," and this survey costs a lot of money and must know something, so we thought we'd write you.

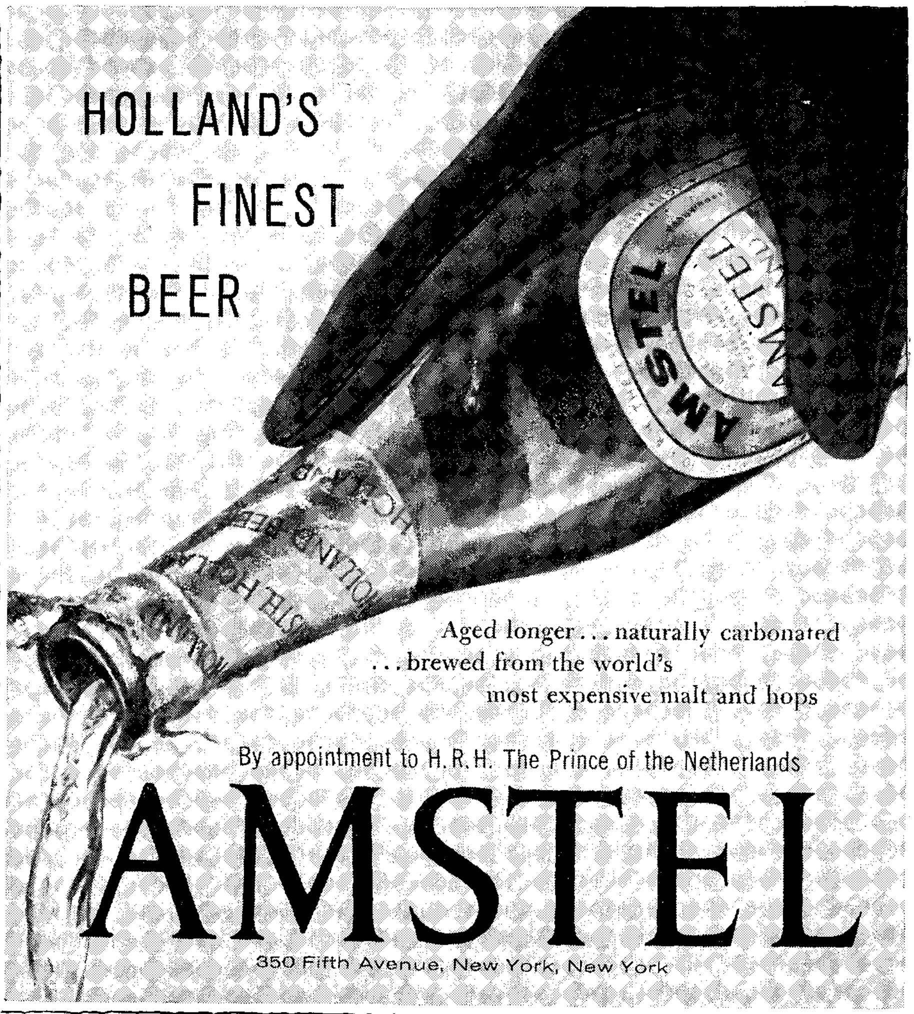
"How are you, anyway? Everything okay at home; the kids, the wife, her mother's arthritis? Too bad about the Dodgers losing so many players in accidents. Heard the one about Red Buttons going to Japan to be an American gardener?"

That's about all the chatty, informative stuff we can think of. Come to think of it, the survey may not have all the right dope. Mentions a "recession." Not at Tavelman's. We're doing fine. Also mentions merchants ought to think up trick "clearance sales." Not at Tavelman's. We carry the finest in clothing and High Haberdashery, and you can no more pay less for the best than you can pay four dollars and ninety cents for a five-dollar bill.

That's about the end of this chatty letter. Just think of us once in a while. Summer's coming in, drop by, we're not so busy we don't miss you. Look around, something might hit your fancy. You don't have to buy, if you want to kill time, just read that damn survey.

Remember us to the missus.

Sincerely yours,
Jack Tavelman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THE RACE TRACK

Down They Go

IT was certainly a black Saturday for favorites last weekend. Round Table, with a list of victories as long as your arm, was beaten in the Warren Wright Memorial Handicap at Arlington Park; Idun was second and A Glitter was out of the money in the Delaware Oaks Stakes at Delaware Park; and both Fleet Feet and Jester were down the course in the Saranac Handicap at Jamaica. Only Gallant Man came through a winner, and even he required a hard ride in order to beat Eddie Schmidt in the Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park.

FOR a lot of people at Delaware Park, including your somewhat bewildered correspondent, the most interesting thing about the Oaks was the meeting of Idun and A Glitter, the top three-year-old fillies. Idun had won all her starts except the one at Belmont last May when A Glitter led her home, and A Glitter had run up five straight victories. Be that as it may, Big Effort, a 10–1 chance, beat both of them easily. I'm reluctant to rub any gilt off Big Effort's kudos, but certain explanations do suggest themselves, the obvious one being that the deluge that turned the track from fast to sloppy a few minutes before the race, and kept on pouring during the running, upset form. Another is that Hartack's handling of Idun was hardly a masterpiece of strategy. Popping her off in front, he sent her along for all she was worth, doing the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the second in 0:24¼, and the third in 0:25. By that time, she had disposed of Tempted and A Glitter, who'd been closest to her, but then she began to tire. It took her twenty-seven seconds to run the next quarter of a mile, and she was no match for Big Effort in the stretch. From the way Hartack rode, it seemed to me that he had made up his mind to beat A Glitter (and perhaps her rider, Valenzuela, who recently replaced him as stable jockey for Calumet Farm) at any cost. And he did. Hartack and Jimmy Jones, Calumet's trainer, met in the paddock early in the afternoon—their first meeting, I believe, since Hartack left the stable in a huff because Valenzuela got the mount on Tim Tam. "Hello, Bill,"

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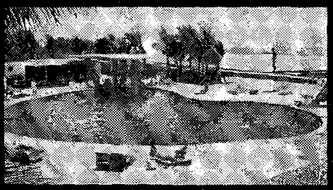

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said Jones, "how are you?" "I'm fine, thank you, Mr. Jones," said Hartack, and stopped just long enough to shake hands with his left hand.

As for Big Effort, she must have liked the footing at Delaware. Incidentally, she is Brookmeade's second winner of the fixture; the stable's Handcuff, won the inaugural running twenty years ago. The Oaks is the first of a series of three rich events for the fillies and mares. The second—the New Castle, for the older set—comes this weekend. The third—the Delaware, the following Saturday—is expected to exceed last year's gross value of $164,625. I fancy that Big Effort and A Glitter will have a go at that one.

NASCO, the winner of the Saranac and a younger brother of Bold Ruler, was the surprise of the week at Jamaica. The fact that he paid $39.80 in the mutuels gives you an idea of how lightly he was regarded in the betting. I'm told, by the way, that the Saranac was a topsy-turvy affair in which several runners, among them Fleet Feet, were crowded and boxed in. . . . My horse of the week was Restless Wind, who won the Tremont Stakes at Jamaica on Wednesday. He's as promising a two-year-old as I've seen this season. Of course, the big item at Jamaica was Arcaro's riding. He had four winners on the opening day of the meeting, two on the second, two on the third, and two on the fourth. On the fifth, he had only one, but on the sixth—Saturday—he had three. As they were saying in the paddock, he was never hotter.

IT looks as if the grind of wearing down Nashua, who heads the list of money-winners, is beginning to tell on Round Table. He should have been able to give Bernburgoo, who isn't a first-class horse (at least in my book), twenty-one pounds and a beating in the Warren Wright Memorial. Maybe he needs a change of scene. It wouldn't surprise me if he showed up at Monmouth for that hundred-thousand-dollar handicap on Saturday. Gallant Man had an easier time last weekend; he gave Eddie Schmidt only twenty pounds in the Hollywood Gold Cup. I'd like to have seen that one. —AUDAX MINOR

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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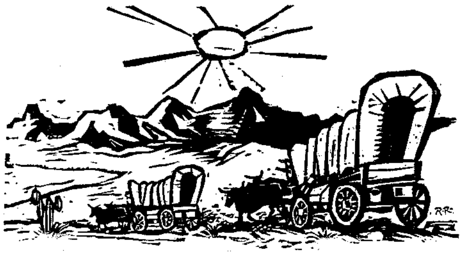

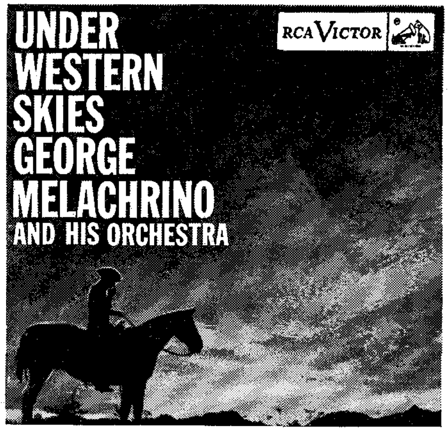
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love Among the Ruins

BEFORE anything is seen of the picture called "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," an earnest voice wells up from the sound track with some introductory information. What we are about to observe, the voice assures us, is a film on a par with "All Quiet on the Western Front," which was based, as is the present enterprise, upon a novel by Erich Maria Remarque. The voice goes on to say that just as "All Quiet on the Western Front" served as a blast-off to the celluloid heavens for Lew Ayres, so, too, will "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" propel John Gavin and Lilo Pulver, the leading actors in the work we are about to view, into the firmament. Usually, this sort of self-congratulatory guff dangles, like the carrot before the donkey, as a teaser for a film that is about to be exhibited next week or next month in your favorite movie house. By using it as a prologue, the makers of "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" certainly show confidence in their product, but I'm afraid that their optimism is not going to prove contagious. Despite the loud preliminary hurrah for Mr. Gavin, an American, and Miss Pulver, a Swiss, neither of them gives any indication of comprehending Remarque's ideas about conditions in Germany during the Second World War.

The particular section of the Reich that comes under scrutiny here is a small city to which Mr. Gavin returns after a long spell of combat on the Eastern Front. To preface his homecoming, and to establish how things were with the Germans when they were being chased out of Russia, we are provided at the outset with some scenes purporting to represent the gloomy plight of the German Army in retreat before its enemy. Done in color, these scenes convey no sense of doom whatever, being as cheerily tinted as Christmas cards, and the area described as the Eastern Front looks more like the habitat of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer than the awful abattoir that it actually was. Once we have Mr. Gavin home, we find him not only searching everywhere for his parents, presumably casualties of an air raid, but also determinedly cultivating the affections of

1643
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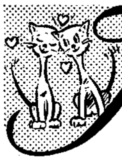

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Miss Pulver, who portrays a young woman desolated by the fact that her father has been dragged off to a concentration camp for talking against the war effort. Mr. Gavin is a young man who rather resembles his contemporaries who do hair-oil advertisements, and has about the same emotional impact. Miss Pulver is somewhat less dramatic. Our hero and heroine woo and woo, which is a fairly tiresome exercise. To relieve the amorous situation, Keenan Wynn and Don DeFore are presented—the former as a gout-ridden gourmet, in residence in an Army rest home, and the latter as another resident of the place, who keeps jabbering about his missing wife, a lady he extolls as the heaviest and most muscular female he has ever encountered. Mr. Wynn and Mr. DeFore are not overly amusing, but I am happy to say that Mr. Remarque himself, who turns up in the film as a Nazi-hating professor, does a first-rate job. "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" was directed by Douglas Sirk, and the adaptation was done by Orin Jennings.

"YOUR PAST IS SHOWING!" is a British film that concerns itself with the efforts of several Empire eminents to murder a suave gentleman who is blackmailing them. Their conspiracy to annihilate their tormentor is a sportive business, but the picture, while spottily diverting, never really is as funny as the actors try so hard to make it. As a matter of fact, maybe everybody concerned is trying just a little too hard. The cast of the film, which was written by Michael Pertwee and produced and directed by Mario Zampi, includes Dennis Price (the blackmailer), Terry-Thomas (a peer given to gallivanting about), Peggy Mount (a lady author who has had a fling in her day), Joan Sims (her daughter), Peter Sellers (an allegedly kindly television performer who is the proprietor of several horrible tenements), and Miles Malleson (a clergyman who is affianced to Miss Mount). These capable actors do a good deal for the script, but unfortunately the picture all too seldom gets its farcical content quite on the beam.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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In contrast, Vice President Nixon's home is studded with gifts from foreign governments, in flagrant violation of the first article of the Constitution. The gifts include a teakwood chest inlaid with Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.—*Drew Pearson in the Keene (N.H.) Evening Sentinel.*

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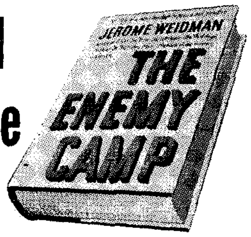

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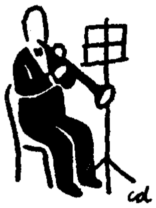
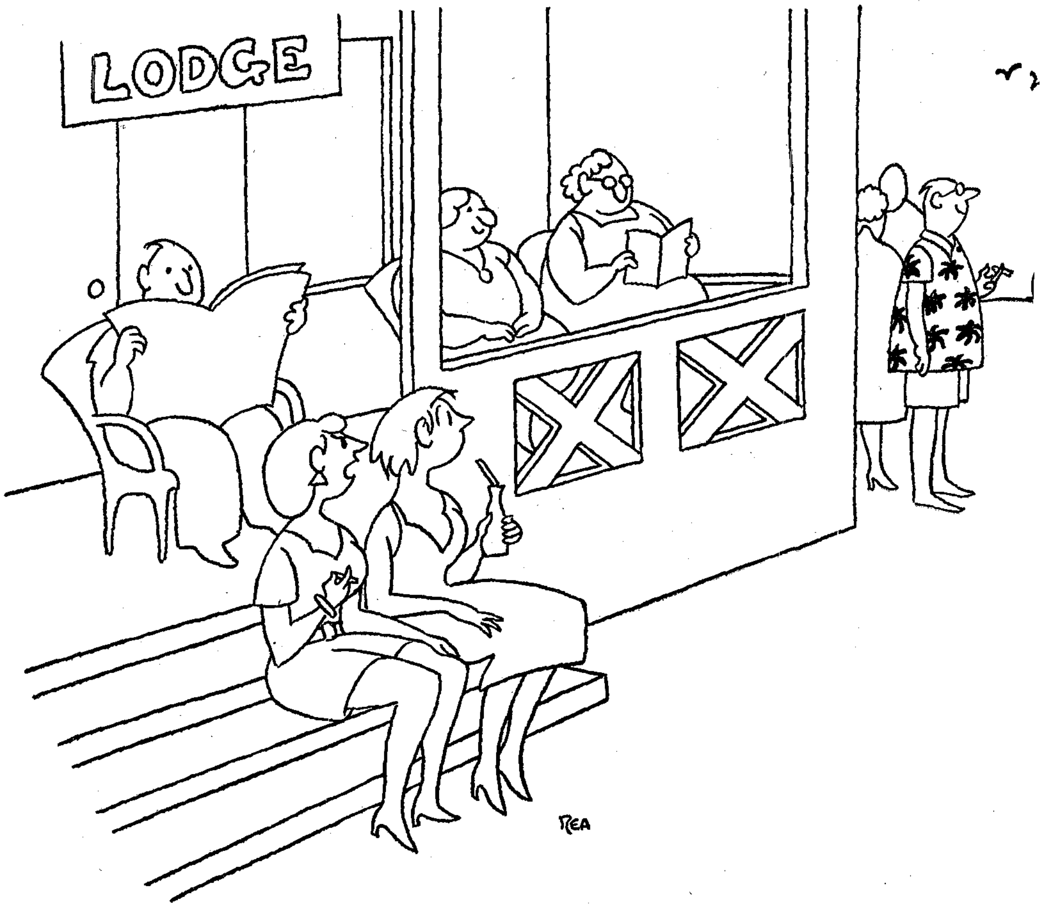
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz



SINCE its beginnings, in 1954, the Newport Jazz Festival has, like a contented city dog, slowly grown sleeker and rounder. The first Festival consisted of two modest concerts attended by some fifteen thousand people. The latest Festival, held over the Fourth of July weekend in an endless arena called Freebody Park, was a statistician's dream: There were seven concerts (afternoon and evening) and two musically illustrated morning lectures, all of which amounted to over thirty-five solid hours of music and talk; approximately two hundred and fifty musicians, including five big bands, sixteen singers, and a welter of small groups; and a total attendance of sixty thousand. Indeed, the Festival now belongs in the same boat as the Empire State Building, the Grand Canyon, and Alaska. But bigness is more partial to flabbiness than muscle, and the bigger the Newport convention has grown, the softer it has got. Aside from such superficially discomfiting trivia—the sort of trivia that when multiplied can seem mountainous—as asking an audience tightly packed on wooden camp chairs to remain attentive for six hours at a time, introductory Capitol Hill remarks by Senator Green (R.I.), the public presentation to musicians of several awards by the magazine *Down Beat*, the ceaseless churring of movie cameras that surrounded the bandstand, and a C.B.S. broadcast that, because of the demands of sponsored radio, got all the evening concerts off to a shambling, indeterminate start, there were such out-and-out misfires as an interminable Benny Goodman evening, in which Goodman, heading a dispirited, ragged big band, played nervously and off pitch; the International Youth Band, a theoretically heartening aggregation made up of eighteen of the leading players from sixteen nations, which, because of the largely pompous, choked arrangements it was forced through, sounded heavy and listless; a small modern group, including flute, oboe, tuba, timpani, xylophone, and vibraphone, that produced a half hour of tinkling, be-boom, and oompah; several enormous female singers, displacing nearly half a ton, who sang with a resolute, ringing monotony; the big Maynard Ferguson band, which whumped and squeaked like a frightened beaver; and an amorphous small group, made up of Urbie Green (trombone), Terry Gibbs (vibraphone), Dinah Washington, Don Elliott (mellophone and vibraphone), and Max Roach (drums), that went on forever, particularly in a vibraphone duet, which after a time achieved an effect like coconuts raining on a tin roof.

The exceptions were almost extracurricular in nature. On Friday morning, during a mumbling lecture by Professor S. I. Hayakawa, a semanticist from San Francisco State College, on "The Origin and Nature of the Blues," Jimmy Rushing, who provided the accompanying demonstrations, sang—backed by a six-piece Dixieland band, Eli's Chosen Six, which puffed itself blue behind him—eight numbers with an easy, shouting articulateness (he has a way of rounding off every word, like a man polishing an apple to a gleam) that, in such works as "Careless Love," "Goin' to Chicago," and "St. Louis Blues," he has rarely equalled. On Saturday morning, Marshall Stearns, a jazz historian, gave an informed and amusing rundown on jazz dancing, which was illustrated with two dozen interludes by two remarkable dancers, Leon James and Al Minns, who seemed in motion even while standing stock-still, and who did the Cakewalk, the Shake Dance, the Camel Walk, the Eagle Rock, the Shimmy, the Charleston (seven variations), the Jig Walk, the Lindy Hop, Trucking, the Suzy-Q (the Arthur Murray version, as taught in 1936, and the legitimate version), the Shorty George, the Big Apple, and a good many more. During the Big Apple (1938), a dance with sixteen separate steps, Minns executed a section in exquisitely slow slow motion, moving his arms and legs in a series of spare swoops and wide steps, which sustained, for perhaps a minute, a liquid tension that was extraordinarily poignant and graceful. This was balanced by a dance called the Shag (1938), which consists of extremely fast, short steps, delivered while the dancer—stiff as a ramrod, his arms at a forty-five-degree angle over his head—moves directly up and down



"Don't ever go out in the woods to hunt rare fungi with him, because that's exactly what you'll do!"

like a lightning pile driver, and by the Apple Jack (1945), a dance done to bebop—a music with peculiarly nervous, oblique rhythms and melodies—by James, who gave the impression of creating a casual, contrapuntal offsetting melody. Minns and James closed the morning with a two-part sketch—a man asking a woman to dance in the days of the Big Apple and in the present time of cool music—that was a masterpiece of exact, funny, understated satire. And on Sunday morning, just after midnight, at the end of a long evening devoted to the blues and including a superior performance by the Gerry Mulligan quartet, Mahalia Jackson, the gospel singer, accompanied by a pianist, organist, and bass player, sang a dozen spirituals and gospel songs. Miss Jackson's presence on a stage is a hypnotic lesson in graciousness and poise, and this, combined with a rich alto voice that bends and slides around her materials like a wide, placid river, made her performance perfection, particularly in a soft, nearly tempoless rendition of the Lord's Prayer, which had an intense honesty and melodic delicacy that brought tears to the eyes.

There were other good things, which, like fireflies, winked steadily away in the general murk. On Thursday evening, Joe Morello, the drummer of the Dave Brubeck quartet, displayed—in a long series of four-bar exchanges with his cohorts—a fresh, decisive imaginativeness, an indestructible sense of rhythm, and quick, shifting emphases that recalled some of the snap, pop, and crackle of Sidney Catlett. On the same night, Duke Ellington, in the course of fifteen numbers, a good many of them pleasant new compositions, again and again pushed his band until its unique unison-voiced textures and superb timing became, as they have in the past, one large, floating collective voice—a momentarily realized dream of what a big jazz band should be. On Friday afternoon, the Jimmy Giuffre Three (the leader on clarinet and tenor and baritone saxophones, Bob Brookmeyer on valve trombone and piano, and Jim Hall on guitar), a group that hasn't been successfully recorded yet, performed five numbers, including a medium-tempo version of Giuffre's "That's the Way It Is." Delivered with a relentless, plunging joyousness, it was centered on a short blues-spiritual theme that was bandied about in brief solos and ensemble passages full of counterpoint, echoing fugal bits, and nicely jarring timbres. It was an irresistible performance. The next afternoon, Herb

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Similarly, a stock certificate is only a piece of engraved paper, costing no more than a few cents to produce. But if it represents part ownership in a great American corporation, its true value may be up in the thousands of dollars.

Which is a roundabout way of saying that cost and worth are two different things, and it's well to avoid the confusion described by Oscar Wilde in his definition of a cynic as "a man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing."

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Pomeroy and his big band played half a dozen blazing Kentonish-Basielike arrangements and then—in its final number, "The Lunceford Touch," done in the manner of the Lunceford band—got off some millennium brass figures that were so loud and so brilliantly executed that the air in the park seemed to be rolled right back to the bleachers. On Sunday afternoon, Thelonious Monk, accompanied by bass and drums, was, in an almost perversely quiet way, matchless. Sonny Rollins, who appeared just before (also with bass and drums), was allowed exactly two numbers (Anita O'Day, a good popular singer, was allowed seven selections earlier in the afternoon), but managed to suggest forcibly his skill at masterly improvisations compounded of fast runs, lazy, sway-backed melodic phrases, and jolting off-rhythms. Jimmy Knepper, the trombonist with a small group led by clarinettist Tony Scott, who played with a fervency bordering on desperation, proved again that he is the first trombonist since J. J. Johnson with his own style—one that is a fascinating mixture of the directness of Benny Morton and the obliquity of Johnson. The Festival was closed that night by Louis Armstrong's small band (which includes, among others, Peanuts Hucko, Trummy Young, and Billy Kyle), whose past Newport performances have been mostly vaudeville in nature. There was still plenty of vaudeville in evidence—off-color jokes and words, facial contortions, and the like—but in at least half of his twenty numbers Armstrong played with a controlled, feverish lyricism (in such numbers as "Sunny Side of the Street," "Mack the Knife," and "The Star-Spangled Banner") that suddenly dispelled the chromium-and-tail-fins pall that had hung stubbornly over most of the weekend.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Kansas City first baseman Vic Power continued his consecutive game hitting streak to 20 when he beat out an infield hit in the fourth inning for his only hit in four years—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

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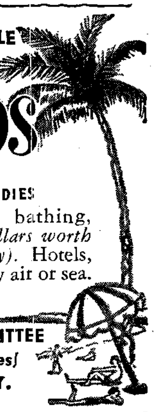

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